FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

hibernia

February 2nd, 1973

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THE U.D.A. SPLIT

Profile: Alliance's Bob Cooper

Businessman's Guide to Brussels

The By-Passing of David Andrews

Ben Kiely on John Broderick

Letters to the Editor

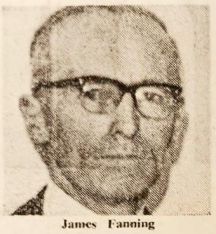
Dr. Johnston's Resignation

Sir,—It would appear from Dr. Roy Johnston's letter to the Editor (Hib., January 19th) that he has taken umbrage at the fact that the "Hibernia Chronology of the Year" in your first issue of the New Year, mentioned his resignation from Sinn Fein, Gardiner Place, in January, 1972.

As one interested in the political events of the year, I was most interested to see the good Dr. Johnston's resignation mentioned. Unfortunately, *Hibernia*, you forgot to mention in your chronology that Dr. Johnston had become an executive member of another political party in the country—The Communist Party of Ireland.

Finally, for a man who appears to be annoyed at both *Hibernia* and Michael McInerney of *The Irish Times* for covering the original story, he himself appears to have got good mileage out of it. For Dr. Johnston admits in the letter to *Hibernia* that he himself gave a number of interviews on the subject of his resignation to a number of "hostile and stupid English reporters," and if my memory serves me correctly he also contributed a detailed article to *Hibernia*. I am beginning to wonder is Dr. Johnston's latest letter to *Hibernia* an effort to get even more publicity.—Yours, etc.,

CATHAL BURKE.
3 Merrion Row,
Dublin 2.



James Fanning

Fanning versus Feehan

Sir, — Your columnist Fanny Feehan is nothing if not forthright. Her reference to the silence of my Federation in the face of Mr. Fanning's comments apropos the Radio Telefis Eireann Symphony Orchestra persuades us that she "doth protest too much."

Mr. Fanning's views were known to us during his service with the RTE Authority. But, unlike Fanny Feehan we considered his views to be nothing more than a combination of obstinacy and faction tinctured with political and journalistic opportunism. The quality of his judgment is matched only by the strength of his prejudice. We see little purpose in employing a machine gun to mow down a withered blade of grass.—Yours, etc.,

P. J. MALONE,
General Secretary,
Irish Federation of Musicians and Associated Professions
63 Lower Gardiner Street,
Dublin 1.

Sir, — My remarks were not just intended for Mr. Fanning. They were addressed to those who may think like him on the new Authority. I have no doubt that the Federation will be even more vigilant in future and will grasp nettles while they flourish rather than wait for a kindly politician to distribute the weed-killer.—Yours, etc.,

FANNY FEEHAN

. . . part two

Sir,—Fanny Feehan's article in your last issue is clearly based on Charles Acton's article in *The Irish Times* of Tuesday, Jan. 9th, supported, possibly, by a few desultory conversations at various times and places. It is also evident that the article was hastily modified as a result of an article of my own in the *Sunday Press* of Jan. 14th. If Fanny Feehan has now read my reply to Charles Acton (*The Irish Times*, Frid., Jan. 19th) she might attempt a more considered contribution.

I think your readers deserve as much, to make up for the rude, ill-informed, inconsistent and irresponsible piece of journalism which she foisted on them in your last issue.

As regards the Francis Stuart quotation, if Fanny Feehan had lived as long as I have she would know that Stuart is only one of many writers to express this sentiment. Might I refer her to St. Augustine, St. John of the Cross, William Blake, General Manley Hopkins, Bernard Shaw and Sean O'Casey — to name only a few. —Yours., etc.,

J. I. FANNING,
9 John's Mall,
Birr,
Co. Offaly

Sir,—On January 3rd Mr. Fanning was reported in the Irish Press as saying that the R.T.E.S.O. was an orchestra "with a doubtful future". I wrote my article at once and it was discussed at some length with the editorial staff. Mr. Fanning's phone in Birr was "busy" on 5th, 7th, 8th January. Mr. Fanning's insidious influence on the Authority during his term has ensured that it is now almost impossible to attract good foreign or Irish players to the Symphony Orchestra. The "sinking ship" story has sunk in.

Had Mr. Fanning devoted his time to querying the wisdom of £299,000 for Radio na Gaeltachta and to why exception of same was so poor that it can be only heard with difficulty even in Roundstone, we would all be in his debt.

My conversation is seldom edifying, but I hope it is never desultory. I am overwhelmed at his chivalry in assuming that I am younger than he. . . Never do anyone a good turn!—Yours, etc.,

FANNY FEEHAN.

Candice Protest

Sir, — May I protest at Conor Sweeney's ignorng of the film playing until recently at the New Metropole, *Date with a Lonely Girl*, with the delectable Candice Bergen in the lead role. As far as I have been able to ascertain, not one Dublin cinema critic gave this film, acclaimed by critics and public alike in the United States under its original title, *T. R. Baskin*, even a decent mention. Surely it is the job of a film critic in a serious cultural review like *Hibernia* to seek out such imported highlights, even when unenlightened cinema managements unjustly demote them to the status of B-features.—Yours, etc.,

ROBERT WILSON-SMITH.
217 Lower Rathmines Road,
Dublin 6.

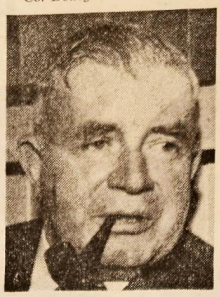
Candice Bergen

Radical Riposte

Sir, — Mr. Dudgeon castigates my thought as being typical of Irish radicals in general, in that I blame the anti-contraceptionists and language enthusiasts for the lack of interest in social and economic issues in this country. I was, in fact, talking about the general apathy and smug refusal to enter into controversy that is the hallmark of the Southern (and Northern, until four years ago) middle-classes. Anything that touches on their solid economic well-being, as the teaching of Irish and baby-making do not, must either be ignored or smashed. If it concerns looking after the less fortunate members of our society, it is better ignored; if it is a question of the exploited demanding elementary justice, then democracy goes out of the door, and the iron fist of brute force is brought into play. Witness Des O'Malley's forays into Fascist-type legislation with the Forcible Entry Bill and the Offences Against the State Act.

Mr. Dudgeon and I do not disagree. What I object to in his letter is his refusal to look for solutions, to offer one positive idea in the face of all this sectarian violence, Government indifference and radical impotence. Where does he propose that progressives should turn, especially in the Six Counties? To Official Sinn Fein, to Alliance, to the S.D.L.P., to Conor Cruise, or can he see a new direction that has escaped the rest of us? Show your colours, Mr. Dudgeon, and then, perhaps, we can start taking your opnions seriously.—Yours, etc.,

DAVID O'KANE.
Bunnaton,
Nr. Rathmullan,
Co. Donegal.



Gen. Michael Costelloe

A Capital President?

Sir,—All the people who have been so far mentioned in the newspapers as being suitable to fill the office of President have one characteristic in common. They are all "respectable" and "safe". None of those so far mentioned have made any worthwhile contribution to the welfare of the Irish people even though all of them have been highly successful in their personal careers.

There are four men who, with the help of devoted colleagues, really laid the foundations of modern Ireland, Sean Lemass in Industry and Commerce, Dr. Tommy McLoughlin in the Shannon Scheme, Dr. Todd Andrews in Bord na Mona, and General Michael Costello in the Sugar Company and in agriculture generally. They were all men of the people and devoted their lives to the service of the Nation. Unfortunately Sean Lemass and Tommy McLoughlin are no longer with us but Todd Andrews and Michael Costello are. Either one or the other would make an excellent President. Both have the advantage of being personally well known in every townland, village, town and city in the country.

The Irish people are entitled to have a say in the matter of who they want as President. It is not good enough that the politicians should get together to present the people with a President who might not be acceptable to the majority of the people, however expedient such a course of action might be for the politicians.—Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM BRENNAN.
Cois Bothair,
Tallaght,
Co. Dublin.

Polluting the Polluters

Sir,—We in Dublin 3 are only too painfully aware that it is *not* people who cause pollution. For decades past, the ordinary people of Dublin have flocked in their thousands every summer to our waterfront and beach to swim and sun and boat and play; in all that time they caused no lasting pollution, and it would delight anyone's heart to see them and be among them.

The beach and the bay have been polluted, not by the ordinary people, but because of the failure of the public authorities (including Government Departments) to provide a proper recycling sewage and refuse disposal system and to prevent dirty industries from being located close to residential and amenity areas.

So, while I will cheerfully be Hilary Boyle's ally against the real polluters, the careless industrialists, the heedless public authorities, the purveyors of useless plastic wrappings and containers, and so on, I will deny to none the right to human life, a precious gift even in poverty and suffering, which no one has the right to prevent by forcible measures.—Yours, etc.,

MAIRE BHREATHNACH
148 Bothar Cluain Tarbh,
B.A.C. 3,

Alcoholism

Sir,—Father Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance, might be saddened, but undoubtedly St. Francis of Assisi and the paradoxical G. K. Chesterton would be gladdened to see Irish alcoholics sleeping on the grass in London's Soho Square, protected from wind, cold and rain by copies of *The Irish Catholic*, *The Catholic Standard*, *The Catholic Herald*, *The Universe*, *The Tablet*, *The Cork Weekly Examiner* and *Ireland's Own*. These babes, lost in our modern wood, purloin these newspapers and periodicals from the porch of the nearby St. Patrick's Catholic Church.

In the *New Statesman* of January 19, in his three-page article on Alcoholism, "The Effect is Shattering," Mervyn Jones writes: "The drunken vagrant or down-and-out with his meths bottle is, as we all know, likely to be Irish, or to a lesser extent Scots. Mr. Tim Cook, who runs the Alcoholics Recovery Project in South London, and concentrates on this end of the spectrum, says that he is cautious about whether to ascribe this to their being unskilled labourers (casually employed or, often these days, unemployed) or to the hard-drinking Irish background, or to the loneliness of the immigrant. Though his area includes Brixton, Mr. Cook hardly ever comes across a black alcoholic. But West Indian immigrants normally have families with them, while the Irish are mostly single men."

—Yours, etc.,

WALTER MAHON-SMITH,
90 Elers Road,
Ealing,
London W 13.

Mary McCutchen

Pseud's Corner

Sir, — My congratulations to Mary Kenny on the timely appearance of her back-page blurb in *Private Eye*'s "Pseuds Corner," a dubious honour once shared by your ever-present literary columnist, John Jordan. Might I suggest now that the lady has reached this pinnacle of columnist's career, she retire gracefully to the obituary columns of the *Evening Standard*, and leave the Hibernian field open to one of those ladies mentioned in your press awards page, Nell McCafferty or Mary McCutchen.

Or am I a mere voice in the vast metropolitan wilderness Miss Kenny purports to write from, shouted down by the thousands of back-page *afficionados* for whom the London Diary and its glimpse into the faraway fleshpots is the highpoint of the fortnight. It's only a sneaking suspicion.—Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN GASTON.
1 Apsley Mansions,
Clanricarde Gardens,
London, W.2.

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A Council of Ireland

AT THE PRESENT TIME, a Council for Ireland appeals to Unionists only in limited terms, as a co-ordinating body between two separate and independent authorities on either side of the border. Most of the parties which submitted their proposals to Mr. Whitelaw before the Darlington Conference talked in terms of a 50/50 representation from North and South, on an advisory body with no executive powers. The Southern Government is said to be in favour of a Council, but apart from vague hints from Messrs. Lenihan and Childers no details of its real intentions—if they exist—are known. Ahead of the White Paper, therefore, the extent of Mr. Whitelaw's 'Irish dimension' is still uncertain and its possible acceptance a completely unknown quantity.

The Government of Ireland Act 1920 provided for the setting up of a Council of Ireland to consist of 40 members, elected in equal proportions from the Southern and Northern parliaments. Initially its administrative powers were to be limited to such items as railways and fisheries and did not include security, but it was to have its own secretariat. It could make suggestions on any matter of mutual interest, but these had no legislative effect. And no provision was made for financing itself directly. But not the least interesting aspect of the Council was the preamble of intent contained in the enabling Act. The Council was being appointed, the Act said, with a view to the eventual establishment of a Parliament for the whole of Ireland, and to bringing about harmonious action between the parliaments and governments of Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland, and to the promotion of mutual intercourse and uniformity in relation to matters affecting the whole of Ireland.

For various reasons, that Council of Ireland never got under way and was finally abandoned in 1925. But the concept could play an important part again in the developing constitutional position on this island, if it is to be given effective executive powers even in limited areas of influence. A co-ordinating body alone might be dressed up to look something in the White Paper—but in reality it would be a regressive step. Co-ordination between two established authorities is more likely to strengthen those separate interests than to lead to any fusion between them.

On the other hand any meaningful Council for the future, must result in a diminution of the sovereign powers of the elected governments on both sides of the border. In other words the Council must possess all-Ireland executive authority—"though the areas of that authority might be small enough at the start." The Green Paper on the Future of Northern Ireland did not specifically mention a Council of Ireland, but it did contain the important declaration that "whatever arrangements are made for the future administration of Northern Ireland must take account of the province's relationship with the Republic of Ireland; and to the extent that this is done, there is an obligation on the Republic to reciprocate."

To date politicians on both sides of the Border have been singularly reticent in discussing the potential for an Irish dimension. Diluting one's sovereignty in Brussels is apparently acceptable, but the same does not apply in one's own backyard. The attraction to Mr. Whitelaw in the Council idea, must be that the precedent was established in the 1920 Act. Fifty-three years later, the necessity to recreate that Council is obvious—but this time it must be endowed with real powers in an all-Ireland context.

Loyalists

The U.D.A. Split

IF DAVID FOGEL had remained in Belfast and had not done a Maria Maguire he would be dead. He was already lined up by a U.V.F. hit squad after being sentenced to death for double dealing. And the controversy that surrounds Mr. Fogel's allegations comes hard on the heels of internecine strife within Protestant organisations which has led to deaths of several men and the ungentle disciplining of others. The controversy that surrounds the U.D.A. represents both an internal struggle and also a clash of interests that reveal a good deal about the ramshackle organisation controlled by Mr. Fogel's former associates. It has been rightly pointed out that one of the crucial episodes for the U.D.A. was the return of the former chairman, Charles Harding Smith; but whether or not he returned the U.D.A. would be busy with internal fighting.

Firstly, because the U.D.A. is the biggest of all the various loyalist para-military groups, whatever inclinations towards modesty felt by the U.D.A. vice-chairman, Tommy Herron, have not been encouraged. From a silent background job, Mr. Herron has emerged as the mouthpiece for the U.D.A. leadership. The actual chairman, Jim Anderson, a quiet, thoughtful man, tended to sit it out whenever Tommy Herron decided to pronounce; and Mr. Herron slowly began to rile large sections of the U.D.A.

But opposition was forming to Herron outside the U.D.A. A number of groups resented the attempts by the U.D.A. to obtain control of the central loyalist funds. John McKeague's Red Hand Command, a group not notorious for discriminating recruitment, was particularly incensed at the attempts to control money raised through the *Loyalist News*. Some of their men are believed to have badly beaten up Tommy Herron because of this, and he is still walking with a severe limp. The fact that Herron's bodyguard was unable to prevent this and there has been no retaliation from the U.D.A. shows their present demoralisation. All this happened a considerable time before the Fogel controversy came to light. Another feature which was to cause dissension in the U.D.A. was the division that emerged between the country companies and the Belfast leadership. Rural U.D.A. men were unhappy about the fact that no men from outside Belfast were on the inner council. This feeling first emerged in the summertime and had caused serious dislocation of U.D.A. organisation outside Belfast. Many of the men who joined the U.D.A. early on have now defected to other organisations . . . especially the U.V.F.

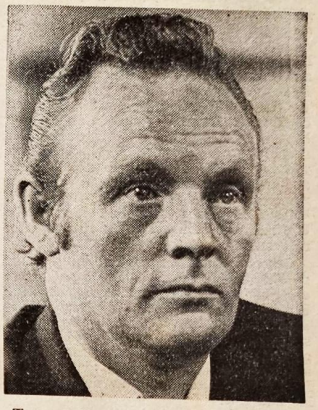
Other aspects of U.D.A. activity are worrying a number of people, especially Loyalists who were prepared to support a militant group but were unhappy about the carefree banditry that sections of the U.D.A. were involving themselves in, particularly in Belfast, where men previously noted for their poverty suddenly enjoyed conspicuous affluence. This was later to cause trouble with the U.V.F., but for the time it was mainly an internal problem.

Tommy Herron also caused unrest among certain sections of the U.D.A. because his mother was a Catholic, and some felt he might be too soft on the Fenians. His condemnation of sectarian assassinations confirmed this suspicion for the hard-liners, who considered that it was not the job of Protestants to look after vulnerable Catholics. Herron's attitude to the assassinations, which was in truth only defined after a particularly harrowing batch of killings, was considered even more peculiar in the light of the U.D.A.'s implication in a number of the deaths. Some two-thirds of all those charged with sectarian murders are members of the U.D.A., and it was generally agreed that many of the Catholics who died during the summer were picked up at U.D.A. barricades.

To many, particularly to the growing numbers on the Shankill who were sympathetic to the U.V.F., Herron's statement was a piece of cant designed to prevent military action against the U.D.A. Although most of the officers of the U.D.A. have nothing to do with the sectarian murders, they have on the other hand done nothing to stop them, and indeed one member of the Inner Council of the U.D.A. is on an attempted murder charge.

Another of the problems for the U.D.A. was that it had grown too fast and as a consequence did not have the ability to maintain contact grass-roots feeling. Its pledge to the United Loyalist Council has largely subordinated its ultimate goal to that of Bill Craig. When the U.D.A. was first formed, and Protestant opinion was simply for the return of Stormont, the simple choice of leader was Bill Craig. But in the intervening period, there has been a considerable sophistication of working-class loyalist politics, and many Protestants began to think in terms of working-class demands, rather than the simplistic fomula which was the basis for the common ground of Mr. Craig's United Loyalist Council.

Many Protestants have come to the conclusion that there is no chance of Stormont being returned with its old powers, and would like to see their energies devoted to



Tommy Herron, Vice-Chairman of the U.D.A.

what they consider less futile endeavours than fighting the British Army. And a lot of them had come to the conclusion that when Bill Craig talked about a *bloodbath*, it wasn't his blood he was talking about but theirs.

Given this much confusion in loyalist ranks, it was hardly surprising that divisions began to occur. The return of Harding Smith from London after one of the most amazing pieces of juridical whimsy seen in recent times brought these differences to a head. The loyalist leaders, like London Special Branch, were convinced that Harding Smith had no chance of being found "not guilty" of trying to buy a quarter of a million pounds of arms from, of all people, a Special Branch man posing as an arms dealer. When he came back, Herron found his position as the leading light jeopardised. Just as important was Harding Smith's attitude to the course taken by the U.D.A. during his absence, with the frequent declarations of war against the British Army, and the equally frequent truces. Apart from confusing loyalist people, it also brought the U.D.A. into disrepute.

Harding Smith is a known sympathiser of

Continued in page 4

Q. WHO WAS snubbed by David Hannay, chief adviser to Britain's Sir Christopher Soames during the first session of the enlarged European Parliament in Strasbourg last month ?

A. PADDY HILLERY. He asked Hannay whether Soames would mind waiting an hour so that they could share the privately-chartered plane to Brussels which Soames had already hired (on expenses). Soames was apparently in a hurry to get back to Brussels. Hillery was also in a hurry—to get to Dublin. He hired another aircraft (on expenses).

(Continued from page 3)

the Ulster Volunteer Force, whose methods are sterner than those of the U.D.A., and whose internal security almost draconian. The U.V.F. had been growing in strength since the summertime, and they had at the very least several hundred men who were well trained and who accepted the stern discipline imposed on them. Harding Smith wanted to bring order to the ramshackle chaos that the U.D.A had fallen into, and he was particularly concerned about the freebooting indulged in by certain company commanders.

He also came back with a determination not to be fooled by the Special Branch again. He ordered inquiries into a number of company commanders, their reliability, and their financial involvement in the racketeering that had become widespread in working-class Protestant areas.

One of those investigated was Ernie "Duke" Elliot, who, like Fogel, was a member of the Woodvale Defence Association. He had a criminal record, and it was widely suggested that he was deeply involved in racketeering in the Shankill area. Fogel was later to say that Elliot had become socialist, and this might well be true, since many Protestants have come to the conclusion that the traditional politics of Northern Ireland could not be judged to have bestowed many benefits on the Protestant working class. It is strongly rumoured on the Shankill that it was in fact the U.D.A. who killed Elliot; and then gave him a great send-off, even naming a club after him, "The Duke Inn". Others have suggested that it was the U.V.F., who exacted their penalty for racketeering.

Others scheduled for scrutiny by the special U.V.F. investigation squad were company commanders and all British members of the U.D.A. The U.D.A. had already executed a Scotsman called Browne in the summertime because they alleged he was giving information to the security forces, and they had deep doubts about Fogel. Fogel was tipped off that he was due for a hit, and fled.

Meanwhile the investigations go on, and it is widely rumoured that several people are due for execution by punishment squads of the U.V.F.. There are many frightened people on the Shankill, and some of them have good reason. Apart from Elliot and Browne, another U.D.A. man, Homer Boyd, was shot dead for allegedly being an informer; William Spence, a member of the U.V.F., was shot dead for deserting other U.V.F. men during an armed robbery. Another man called Pavis was killed just days after he got out of gaol; apparently his crime was that he mixed too much with Catholics.

The outcome of the tightening-up inside the U.D.A. has meant that Herron has been forced to take a tougher line. His latest remarks on sectarian assassinations reveal a less sympathetic attitude than he exhibited previously; basically, he is saying, the assassinations can only stop if the bombing stops. Whether this will save his skin remains to be seen. But there is no doubt that the U.D.A. has changed. Whether the morale of the rank and filers can survive recent upheavals is doubtful; but what is not in doubt is that the real beneficiaries of the whole conflict will be the Ulster Volunteer Force. And if the U.D.A. does manage to patch up its differences, it will be a far more formidable force than the garrulous and bombastic organisation it has been hitherto.

●

Q. HOW many times has the plum post of the principalship of St. Mary's College of Domestic Science been advertised by the City of Dublin Vocational Education Committee ?

A. Three Times.

Q. HOW many times have candidates been interviewed ?

A. Three times.

Q. HOW many times have the required qualifications been altered ?

A. Three times.

Q. Why ?

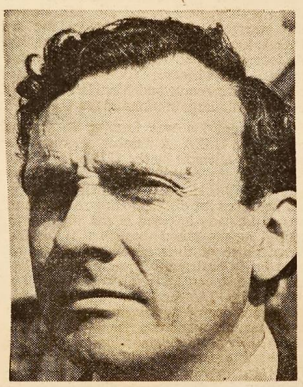
A. (As submitted by the President of the Vocational Teachers' Association): The job is being tailored to fit somebody.

The North

The Search For A Moderate Coalition

FOR MODERATES in the North, these are desperate days, and not surprisingly, the talk is all of coalition politics. Gone are the heady days when the Alliance party thought it had all the answers in a kind of grey non-sectarian unionism, or when Labour waited confidently for the next election, or the one after that, to prove that working-class unity was possible under the Union Jack. They, and those like them who occupy the moderately pro-union middle ground of Ulster politics, would still like to think they could make it on their own, but increasingly they know they can't. United, they could at least make a reasonable bid for the support of the uncommitted and confused; divided, they will revolve in ever-decreasing separate circles until vanishing point is reached.

Even now, the impetus is not so much from the established parties themselves. In every organisation there is a core of diehard purists who apply the brake to coalition



Mr. Tom Caldwell, M.P.

thinking. But the catalyst has been the non-party freelancers who have no faith in the existing groupings and yet can recognise that if they continue to sit on the sidelines, the game is as good as lost. These are people like Tom Caldwell, the Independent Unionist M.P., and such ex-Unionists as Sir Robert Porter, Robin Baillie and Stratton Mills. The inspiration may even be traceable back to Stormont Castle, which is more interested than most in creating a viable centrist group, but the prime mover at the moment is undoubtedly Tom Caldwell, a successful dabbler in antiques, contemporary furnishings and now paintings, who made a typically flamboyant entrance into politics in 1969, by becoming one of the three independents to upset an official anti-O'Neill Unionist at the polls. His ex-India Army accent and flowery, un-Ulster language counts against him, but drive, dedication and bravery have helped win him an entree into most circles, from Sinn Fein Kevin Street to the U.D.A., and under his auspices the coalition movement has progressed.

The broad principle of co-operation is accepted, but the difficulty has been how to translate it into practical terms capable of being put before an electorate. Shortly after direct rule, Alliance and Labour began thinking in terms of electoral pacts, with the PR local elections in mind, but nothing came of it, and experience at Darlington last autumn hardened, rather than softened attitudes. The parties' blueprints for future government in Northern Ireland had much in common — based on different forms of power-sharing—but neither gave an inch at the conference table, and if William Whitelaw had not postponed the local elections because of Protestant anti-PR wrath, Alliance and Labour would undoubtedly have been fighting over the moderate vote.

Since the New Year, however, minor differences of emphasis have been put in perspective by the possible doom of an unworkable White Paper, and it is this which has concentrated moderate minds as never before. At first, there seemed a fair chance of Whitelaw producing plans so radical that the Protestants would go to war, and moderates of any influence declared a general state of emergency to draw up contingency plans. This likelihood has now receded—to mixed relief and disappointment—but a united front is still regarded as essential, if only to try to stop the British surrendering to Unionist blackmail, and re-erecting another one-party assembly.

From all accounts, Whitelaw's faith in the moderate centre has been undermined, and unless he can be persuaded that it is large and well-organised enough to give him worthwhile support on a worthwhile White Paper, he may settle for a vague, non-committal statement, which would merely lay down general principles, leaving the nuts and bolts to be decided by an elected assembly. To the British this may seem like the line of least resistance, since it would only offend the peace-loving centre and the Catholic minority, but as moderates see it, it would be storing up even greater troubles for the future. Hard-liners on both sides would campaign successfully on the kind of solution they wanted, and consensus would be impossible. It would be back to a pre-March 1972 situation, only worse, with no chance of the British getting away a second time with a bloodless takeover.

Instead of dealing with Brian Faulkner, Ted Heath might be faced with William Craig, or someone like him, claiming with some justification that he had a mandate for setting up a Provisional Government of an Independent Ulster. Crazy though this sounds, it is a possibility that haunts every moderate, and has led directly to the current series of coalition caucuses.

There are two big problems facing the middle-of-the-roaders: (a) finding a leader and (b) finding a policy other than peace at any price. Names like Sir Robert Porter, Stratton Mills, Phelim O'Neill, Oliver Napier and even Tom Caldwell himself have been floated, without much response, and regretfully, but realistically, it may be necessary to think of a triumvirate or quadrumvirate. Ideally the leader should be non-party, new to the game and charismatic, which suggests a trade unionist. But for all their hard work behind the scenes, men like Billy Blease or Brendan Harkin don't quite measure up. If one man has to carry the load, it would seem foolish to look much further than Bob Cooper, who has the integrity and the ability, and lacks only the relaxed self-confidence which should come with time.

As for policy, it is a matter for the two big guns, Alliance and Labour to reach a compromise, and here's the rub. The purists are still reluctant to make the move, and it may be that the parties will have to split if progress is to be made. It is no secret that Alliance would be prepared to go into liquidation if a strong united front could be obtained, but obviously Labour's co-operation is needed. Labour like to think PR will work miracles for them—Harold Wilson notwithstanding—and many have no desire to abandon their pale pink socialism in favour of the classless politics of optimism represented by the other middle-class parties. But a lot depends on the state of the emergency before and after the White Paper, and if things look grim enough, there might be general acceptance of a suggested five-year moratorium on party differences.

The sooner the marriage is made, the more effective will be the moderate leadership when the White Paper does appear. But judging by several well-meaning but aimless television discussions, it could well be that the moderates need to see the colour of the White Paper before they can work out the precise terms of a compromise. If they have done their homework well, however, they should be ready to move swiftly into the attack, organising themselves for the local government elections—expected in June—on a common manifesto, if not a common party label. Roy Bradford has already made his bid for a "coupon" election to the new Stormont assembly, dividing candidates into those who want, or don't want to work the system, but there are sound reasons for believing that an unsophisticated electorate might respond better to an all-party coalition under a new name.

Of course it is a short-term expedient, as most things are in Northern politics, and it may depress moderate S.D.L.P. supporters that the coalition would undoubtedly be unionist, with a small "U", in character. But the reality is that any moderate group must take this stance, or be destroyed at the polls. It doesn't mean that in the long term, most of the coalitionists aren't aiming for some form of united Ireland, providing the South comes to meet them.

Fianna Fail

David Andrews Overlooked

HAS DAVID ANDREWS, T.D., B.L., Parliamentary Secretary to the Taoiseach and to the Minister for Defence, and Fianna Fail Chief Whip, reached the apex of his political career ? It has been a career of almost eight years (he has been a T.D. since 1965) which has had few if any distinguishing features about it. But while it has been an uneventful career, at times perhaps almost humdrum, it has been nonetheless one of steady progress within the Fianna Fail parliamentary party. After just one year in the Dail, the late Sean Lemass selected him as a member of the Oireachtas committee to enquire into possible reforms of the Constitution and of parliamentary procedure. Not high office perhaps but a position of some importance and a step in the right direction. He became Chief Whip after the May 1970 crisis and was made parliamentary secretary at the same time. How-

David Andrews, T.D.

ever, since that date, he has been passed over in the elevation of Michael O'Kennedy to a Ministry of his own, and Jim Tunney to an (arguably more important) Parliamentary Secretaryship, though both men were elected to Dail Eireann four years *after* Andrews.

Under Sean Lemass, David Andrews had every reason to expect that he would be promoted to ministerial office when the time was ripe but unfortunately for him Lemass retired leaving Andrews and quite a few others in the wilderness. Jack Lynch took over and after consolidating his position at the election of 1969 (the youngest, strongest, best, and most virile Cabinet in Europe, ect.) it just wasn't on the cards that Andrews would get a Ministerial seal. For one thing, Andrews had backed the wrong horse, being one of the Colley "seventeen." For another, Jack Lynch simply didn't need, indeed could not afford to have, a surfeit of Dublin-based Ministers in the Cabinet and since he was looking for experienced men he had more than the pick in Haughey, Boland and Colley. But loyalty, seniority and experience apart, David Andrews did not return to the Dail having covered himself with party gratitude. On that election campaign he conducted a high pressure personal canvass which gave him nearly 3,000 votes above the quota on the first count which was, to say the least of it, a bad tactical blunder because Barry Desmond, who polled fewer first preferences than Andrews had *as a surplus*, took the last seat ahead of Fianna Fail's Neville Keery. And although it was said at the time, perhaps with some truth, that Keery wouldn't

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Bob Cooper: Holding The Centre

Sean Breslin

Profile

THE ALLIANCE PARTY is the North's strangest political organisation. It has never contested an election—not, I hasten to add through any fault of its own—yet possesses three M.P.s in a Parliament which does not exist, or to be more precise, exists in a state of suspended animation. It startled existing political structures by a system of member registration; it crosses sectarian boundaries not merely in theory but in practice although at a fairly high intellectual and social level. It is small, articulate, bouncy, attractive naive, idealistic, dynamic, with a high opinion of itself not always shared by others. For some in Northern Ireland, including, it is strenuously rumoured, Mr. Whitelaw, it is the great white hope: for others, it is the great white elephant.

The headquarters of Alliance is a nondescript terrace house in Cromwell Road, in the landlady and bed-sitter University area of Belfast, and here, at the still centre, works Bob Cooper, its political organiser. Cooper, with others, created Alliance and, in many respects, his creation is to his own image and likeness. He is small, burly, vital, voluable. He has a curious habit of glancing at an audience with a kind of open challenge followed by a downward, hooded look which is quite disconcerting. A law graduate, he does not emote but the clenching of his fists indicates the intensity of feeling with which he speaks about Ulster.

Yet, the paradox is that—using the term "Ulster" in the Unionist context — Bob Cooper is not an Ulsterman. He was born in Castlefin, Co. Donegal. Castlefin is a normal Irish village with a dog-leg main street, a few neat churches and a preponderence of pubs. It is however only a few miles from the Border; it is also and more significantly part of that area of Donegal which had and has a strong Presbyterian element, who, although abandoned callously by the ferocious egotisms of Carson and Craig, have always maintained strong links with their separated brethren in Northern Ireland. Remembering Sion, they looked inevitably towards Derry rather than Donegal Town, Belfast rather than Dublin. It is highly unlikely that they would respond favourably to the Martin Smyth - John Taylor concept of a Ulster Irredenta but history and geography alike have predisposed their young, restless and talented to go East rather than West.

So, the young Bob Cooper went for his education to Foyle College, Derry. Foyle—as it is colloquially named — is an old, highly-respected grammar school which, in Imperial days, sent a stream of Pro-Consuls to various parts of the globe upon which the sun did not set, its most famous example being perhaps Nicholson of India Mutiny fame. From this bastion of Ascendancy status quo, he went on to Queen's University where he was a contemporary, though not precisely in chronological terms, of both Austin Currie and John Taylor. Here, he became involved in politics while studying law and quickly became treasurer of the Young Unionist Council. It now seems a century ago but these were the years of the early Sixties and the Unionst world was changing. Brookeborough's "Not an Inch" was becoming more and more a shameful anachronism to young and generous spirits. Cooper temperamentally and politically wanted to throw open windows and let the fresh air in. He became known as a radical and the men with hard faces moved in on him. He advocated strange heresies. He supported the abolition of capital punishment; he proposed a settlement with the Mater Hospital; he urged the recognition of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions. All of these have, of course, since been accepted but the way of the progressive in Unionism is hard and in 1967 Cooper was forced out of office. It was the golden hey-day of that great phoney, Terence O'Neill.

As an industrial legislative consultant for the powerful Engineering Federation — which includes Harland and Wolff, Mackie, Sirocco, etc.—Cooper could now have cultivated his own garden. Instead, he became more and more convinced in the necessity for change and became an active supporter of the New Ulster Movement. The N.U.M., however, like the Fabian Society at the beginning of the century, was soon seen as only a useful think tank—to use a ghastly but vivid locution—and Cooper, shaken by the grim portents of 1969, decided that a political party was necessary. In April, 1970, the Alliance Party was formed and he had found himself.

Two years later, he gave up his financially far more rewarding profession to devote himself to a full-time political career. He is, like Bernadette Devlin, John Hume and Ian Paisley, very much aware of the publicity value of television and quickly learned the techniques necessary for maximum impact in television programmes. He became, indeed, a national figure by his appearance on the highly publicised, now forgotten, B.B.C. programme on the Ulster situation in which a panel of eminent and, in the event, splendidly ignorant British politicians cross-examined spokesmen of the different parties involved. Cooper seized the opportunity of a British audience and was, by far, the most rational and credible spokesman in a situation which, alas, is no longer, it seems, susceptible to reason.

He now, like all the politicians, sits and waits for the White Paper. He was at the Darlington Conference as an expert adviser to Phelim O'Neill, the witty, urbane but remote M.P. who is the official leader of Alliance. He would like the White Paper to come before the Referendum which he regards, in its Stone Age simplicity, as stupid, irrelevent and dangerous. He believes that the White Paper will contain the Alliance Party's proposals. (It is obligatory on politicians to believe that the White Paper will contain their proposals.) The White Paper, therefore, will contain as its main pillars (a) a Regional Assembly elected on Proportional Representation; (b) security firmly under Westminster control; (c) a Government based on power-sharing. These are the proposals of a reasonable party which consists of reasonable men. So far, the I.R.A., the U.D.A., the U.V.F. have shown a remarkable resistance to any reason but their own. A Centre Party by definition consists of people who are interested in living; the extremists are interested at the moment in dying. The Alliance Party needs time. It may not get it.

Bob Cooper.

Bob Cooper carries on with unabated confidence as if the future were sure. The old concept of Government, he says, must go and be replaced by Community involvement. He quotes Dr. Mansholt's strictures on the Common Market (which he supports) as indicating the danger that the future Government of Northern Ireland must avoid. He becomes impassioned on the need for local development. In his room at No. 7 Cromwell Road, it all seems possible.

Bob Cooper is a man trying to mould a new identity or rather to mould a framework, a structure in which an identity may honourably and peacefully be shaped. His favourite reading is history, but in a specialised area. He is trying to find out why the liberal and radical Presbyterion Church of late 18th Century Ireland should have changed so dramatically into the obscurantist non-thinking Church of the 19th Century. It is important to him to discover why. It could be important for Northern Ireland. The Centre may not hold. If it does not, it will not be Bob Cooper's fault.

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have won the seat anyway, it did not please Jack Lynch who would have preferred a better display of party solidarity than he got in Dun Laoghaire/Rathdown.

He had no reason to expect that the possibility of a Ministerial seal would come at any time in the very near future but when the May '70 crisis made a reshuffle of the Cabinet necessary he had every reason to presume further promotion. Talent in the backbenches was not overrabundant; he had five years experience and he had more or less kept his nose clean never having uttered a republican sentiment in his life. He was an un-aligned conscientious deputy, of proven ability to organise who had supported the Taoiseach's middle line, or perhaps, no line, as far as the North was concerned. However, he was passed over for office and was instead made parliamentary secretary to Lynch himself and, *o deep irony*, to Jerry Cronin. This second "honour" cut Andrews deeply. While he could perhaps have taken the pill of not being made a Minister on the sugar of becoming parliamentary secretary to the Taoiseach (in the hope that he would yet have his day) the second secretaryship had a harsh *realpolitik* ring about it which left him with no illusions about the connection between geographical location and Ministerial office. This was again clearly demonstrated when Michael O'Kennedy was made Minister for Transport and Power a few weeks ago.

Another probable explanation for his relatively slow progress was his famous indiscretion some years ago on an R.T.E. discussion programme when he confessed to having personal reservations on the Government's controversial and strongly-opposed Criminal Justice Bill. Fianna Fail and Jack Lynch in particular never forget such lapses and Andrews will have to remember that in the future. In the current search and negotiations for an agreed Presidential candidate he will possibly have an opportunity to expiate his past sins, but the duties of a Chief Whip are poor guarantees of popularity in the party and with Dail colleagues generally, and Andrews' own combination of dourness and quick-temper (he has been forced to apologise to the House on more than one occasion for his outbursts) have not helped him in this respect.

Now, with the life of the present Dail draining rapidly, it seems most unlikely that he will be promoted. Whatever way his constituency is changed under the Electoral Act, he will assuredly be returned to the next Dail, and if Fianna Fail have an overall majority, his claim to higher office can hardly be refused this time. But it would be a bitter irony if in the event of a coalition Government, South Dublin were to get their Minister in the person of Barry Desmond whose original election to a large extent resulted from the personal ambition of young David Andrews back in 1969.

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Q. WHO did R.T.E. consult with before it transmitted Joe O'Donnell's controversial play, "The Lads" ?

A. The Legion of Mary. Director General T. P. Hardiman has written to Galway Vocational Education Committee, which criticised the play, pointing out that "The Lads" was transmitted "because it pointed to an unpleasant facet of Irish life which would seem from the advice available to R.T.E. from such informed sources as the Legion of Mary to be a particularly urban phenomenon". In rejecting the committee's criticism, which included claims that the play was "disgusting, suggestive, immoral and filthy", the D.J. adds that many people had commended R.T.E. for transmitting the lads because of "its warning value to a significant section of our society."

Thalidomide

What Government Responsability?

NOW THAT the thalidomide corpse of the early '60's has been exhumed, the public are naturally asking a lot of uncomfortable questions. They can't all be answered because evidence is apt to decompose a little after 10 years in the tomb. But one question at least is inevitable. Why was no public alert to the dangers of thalidomide ever issued in this country? An answer to that one came from Mr. Erskine Childers, Minister for Health in an R.T.E. radio interview last Sunday.

As regards a public alert, he said, there were two options open to the Minister for Health at the time. " He would have had to have made the choice either of terrifying a certain number of mothers who might or might not have taken the drug already, or of deciding not to terrify them knowing that the result might be that one or two mothers might take the drug and as a result bring into the world deformed children." Apparently he took the second option.

And the expectant mothers of Ireland slept peacefully thanks to the neglect of the Department and perhaps in some cases with a little help from the popular thalidomide-containing sedative, Softenon. Those who'd taken the drug were spared the discomfort of worrying about its possible effects. Those who might yet take it were not to be utterly deprived of this aid to a good night's sleep during their nine months pregnancy, just the sort of healthy preparation needed to bolster them through the horror of producing a deformed child and to help them face the lifetime of guilt-feelings which might follow.

To look further into Mr. Childers apologia, he stated that a notice withdrawing the drug was sent to Irish chemists, doctors and hospitals by T. P. Whelehan Sons and Co., not by the Government. " It was quite sufficient," he says, "for Messrs. Whelehan to do it at the time." There might have been some logic to this point if the drug had been sold in Ireland only on precription. By having Whelehan's warn every chemist, doctor and hospital one might be reasonably confident that they in turn could track down every issue of the drug since there would have been a record in each case. But the drug was available across every chemist's counter, without prescription, in at least six different forms. It was so popular as a mild sedative for children and adults that it's said people came across the Border from the North of Ireland to buy the drug long after it had been withdrawn in Britain. So it should have been obvious to the then Minister for Health that it was likely to be a part of the average family medicine chest. The sources informed at the time couldn't possibly have been expected to fling the net that wide in their withdrawal process. So Messrs. Whelehan were left to do what might be considered the Government's job.

Chemie Gruenenthal, the German distributors, sent them a letter and a telegram on November 30, 1961. The telegram asked that all sales of thalidomide-containing drugs be suspended immediately and the letter explained that suspicions had been raised by a German doctor that the drug might have the effect of producing deformed children. Whelehans would have known in the first week of December that thalidomide was potentially dangerous; they suspended all sales of thalidomide on December 13. But it took them to mid-January to send out

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E.E.C. Problems

Richard Norton-Taylor in Brussels

THE NEW, 13-MAN European Commission, with Ireland's Paddy Hillery in their midst has got off to an ominously bad start. Ever since their first meeting on January 6, they have sealed themselves in the thirteenth floor of the commission's pretentious glass palace, locked in haggling sessions over the jobs of the senior civil servants who will be working immediately under them.

Their chief advisers—*chefs de cabinets*—Robin Fogarty, lately of Iveagh House among them, emerge briefly, bleary-eyed, late at night, suffering from the game they are forced to play: fight for your own country; "our men, not, necessarily good men". A game of power and prestige and, as usual, the bigger member countries come off best. Britain is past master at the art and none more willing a player than David Hannay, *chef de cabinet* of the British commissioner responsible for foreign trade, Sir Christopher Soames.

" It's worse than juggling for jobs at the United Nations," said one commissioner who at least feigned disillusionment. Hillery simply had no chance of choosing the man he wanted as his Director-General for Social Affairs. On January 12, the job was given to Britain. Two weeks later, Soames and Thomson had still not agreed on who the man should be; Thomson preferring a figure known in British Labour circles, Soames preferring a Whitehall man and Hillery, too, known to be after an administrator, above all.

(He has been looking for a "social affairs expert" for his cabinet, and will probably have a Belgian, Raymond Rifflet, former head of the social affairs department in the commission to help him out.)

So the myth that the European Commission is the nucleus of a truly European civil service has gone for ever. Every man is out for himself and his country.

THE MEMBERS of the Commission will be spending the next few months getting to know each other, their staff, and how to marry their "European role" as servants of the Community with their personal and political role as public figures, anxious to make or maintain their reputation in their own country.

Francois-Xavier Ortoli, the technocratic president of the commission, claims that this body will be homogenous, independent, and "collegiate", although he was himself chosen chiefly because, as the French Foreign minister puts it, "he is very well known as one of the President's (Pompidou's) most intimate friends". Dr. Patrick Hillery, commissioner responsible for social affairs, and his cabinet of advisers, will also take the point: the one Irishman in the commission will have a special relationship with Ireland. He will battle against the telephone exchange, Aer Lingus schedules, and weather, to visit and contact Dublin as frequently as possible.

In his own quiet way—that turned out to be quite successful in the common market entry negotiations—Hillery eased into the slot he wanted; namely, responsibility for social affairs. The French, unhappy about having a Briton in charge of regional policy, let it be known that they would push Paddy for regional affairs. But Paddy and George Thomson get on well together and, in the end, both got what they wanted.

But, when, a few days later, the European commissioners came to fill the slots for Directors-Generals, those 23 top £12-13,000 a year administrative grade posts just under the thirteen commissioners themselves, Ireland missed out.

Ireland let it be known that it would have liked her DG to get regional policy, working under Mr. George Thomson, although, in fact, the British commissioner was never considering an Irishman. The Commissioners, pushed by their governments (Edward Heath was called up late to give support to the two British commisioners, who, it must be said, got virtually all they wanted—dgs for industry, social policy, and transport) haggled and haggled, and Sean Ronan was landed with responsibility for information and press affairs; not all that vital a post for someone whose countrymen have shown themselves to be overwhelmingly in favour of entry into the E.E.C.

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notices of withdrawal to chemists and doctors in Ireland. Vital time lost, and why? Whelehan's answer is that whether or not they had the information they couldn't issue an explanatory withdrawal circular without approval and further clarification from the German distributors. So about a month was spent in correspondence about the circular. Even with Christmas post hold-ups, was this delay justifiable? And weren't there any telephones in 1961?

And how about the information eventually conveyed in that circular? T. P. Whelehan and Sons claim that the circular contained the information that thalidomide-containing drugs were suspected of having terterogenetic properties — capable of producing deformed babies. But nobody seems to know for sure. Neither the Irish or German company have a copy of that circular and assiduous journalistic efforts in the last few weeks have failed to locate one. Was the circular in fact just a routine withdrawal notice, frequently sent to chemists when a formula is being altered or some stock is out of date?

Whatever about the effectiveness of Whelehan's atempts to withdraw the drug, it seems it was necessary to issue another circular in July, 1962, asking chemists to see that the drug was withdrawn. This was sent out by the Irish Drug Association on the request of the Department of Health.

If the drug continued on sale up to July, 1962, and even afterwards who takes the rap? The Government for failing to alert the public? Whelehans for what may have been inefficient measures to withdraw the drug and advise chemists as to its dangers? The chemists themselves for not acting responsibly if they'd been aware of the urgency?

The answers lie with the parents; in their evidence of when and where they came by the drug and also by the birth dates of their children. But at the moment, even this evidence, to borrow the Minister's phrase, is in the "grey area."

It won't be 'til formal acceptance of genuine thalidomide claims comes through later this year from Germany that the extent of Irish negligence will emerge.

If withdrawal of thalidomide in this country was effective no expectant mother should have taken the drug at least after January, 1962. And taking into account that the danger period was the first 10 weeks of pregnancy, no babies with thalidomide-induced deformities should have been born after December, 1962, at least.

It looks as though there'll be some talk of birthdays this year that nobody's ever likely to forget.

Dail Reform

Having Their Loaf And Eating It

SO FAR AS IT GOES, the Report of the informal Dail Committee on Reform of Dail Procedures makes some good if relatively minor recommendations, but observers have rightly been struck more by what is not covered. To begin with, one wonders why such a committee of elected representatives must be "informal." Past experience suggests the real reason is the desire of our politicians to have their loaf and eat it—to have their say on the committee and yet be free to walk away from it if it does not go down well with constituents.

It seems obvious that a weak, milk-and-water report is the best that can be expected from a body which hesitates even to commit its own members to their task. Little wonder that they narrowed their horizons " so as not to delay the Report unduly," while admitting in the same breath that a wide-ranging examination should be undertaken "to establish how effectively the Houses of the Oireachtas are discharging their functions in present-day circumstances." The outsider might be pardoned for imagining that such an examination is going on all the time, that it is virtually a standing item on the agenda of the Committee of Procedure and Privileges. Not so, apparently. The Reform Committee does not go on to suggest, as a natural follow-up to its suggestion for a wider examination, that it should be kept in existence itself, or that a permanent review or reform committee should exist in every Dail alongside the Committee of Procedure and Privileges.

Early in the Report, the Committee recognises that the pressure of parliamentary business, growing steadily for 40 years, shows no sign of abating, yet it does not devote much attention to the one problem which is most in the public mind and most frequently the subject of public controversy —the number of hours per week on which the Dail sits. All the argument is in support of more efficient use of existing hours, and when boiled down "efficiency" in this case means curtailing to some degre the freedom of expression of Deputies.

It would be ridiculous to hold that there is not room for considerable discipline in this area—but it is equally ridiculous to suggest that it is the *only* problem. It is quite clear that most if not all the time problems examined by the Committee could be overcome by longer sittings per week, by sitting normal working hours Monday to Friday. There are good reasons, in a small parliament where around one-sixth of the membership are involved directly in Government, and the involvement goes up to a quarter or more if international conferences and so on are included, why full sittings on all working days are not possible, but the Report does little to improve the education of the public on the point.

As might be expected, the Report pays much attention to the growing problem of Question Time, and makes a few obvious suggestions for improvement, generally acceptable. One wonders however, about the recommendation that questions seeking statistical information only should be marked with an asterisk so that they would automatically fall for written reply. The fact is that a great many of these Questions, while "statistical" in their bare form, are put down as the basis for important supplementaries. If they go in for written replies, there would be no opportunity for further questions on them, yet in most cases the supplementaries are most important to the public. For instance, most questions on the unemployment figures are statistical in basic outline, but if this recommendation were implemented the Opposition would be severely restricted in pursuing the Taoiseach on this vital matter.

Looking casually through the Report, one finds extrordinary things hidden away without comment or emphasis. For instance, the Ceann Comhairle has submitted a large number of recommendations for amendment to Standing Orders, of a technical or drafting nature. Several of them are just that, but some require much closer scrutiny than the Committee appears to have given them.

The Chair recommends, for example, that Standing Order 53 should be amended so that no member could rise during a debate to try to put an end to it on the approved way—to propose that the question be now put—unless the Ceann Comhairle is in the Chair. This suggestion is made to prevent a recurrence of a 1967 situation where the Leas Ceann Comhairle was in the Chair and fully functioning as Ceann Comhairle, but the proceedings were held up when somebody moved that the question be put, while efforts were made to locate the Ceann Comhairle. This, obviously, should not be necessary, but surely there is a less drastic remedy than that members would be deprived of their right to move that the Question be put? Standing Orders are there to deal with exceptional circumstances, and one can readily imagine situations where it would not be desirable that it would be in the hands of the Ceann Comhairle of the moment to say effectively whether the House had had enough and the Question should be decided. For instance, if a Minister in some future government wanted to have the question put, on a needly issue of political importance, an Opposition Deputy who happened to be Ceann Comhairle at that time could on the instruction of his party " get lost " for hours or days. Would it not be much simpler (although not for the Whips) to allow the Question to be put whoever is in the Chair—and get over the voting difficulty by permitting the presiding member to vote, unless he is the Ceann Comhairle. In any case, this matter is far from a drafting technicality, as suggested in the Report.

But the yawning gap in the Report, and one which outdates it before it reached the public, is its failure to recognise the existence of the E.E.C. and the Eupropean Parliament and Courts—the fact that Dail Eireann is no longer sovereign but must dovetail with international organisations on which its own members sit. For years, the Dail has suffered from the fact that urgent issues disturbing the public mind cannot effectively be brought to the floor of parliament until they are kicked to death by the media. Now, big issues will be reported and commented upon from Europe long before the Dail can get to them, so that it will have no opportunity of leading public opinion and will go on trailing it, completely irrelevant at the stage when public opinion is being formed.

The very least one might have expected from the Committee was a recommendation that if, say, six of the ten Irish members of the European Parliament regarded some matter which came up in mid-morning in Strasbourg sufficiently important for one of them to fly to Dublin to get the view of the Dail directly on it, that Standing Orders would provide an automatic slot for an instant statement or debate. This would make the Dail relevant, but there is no evidence that it even arose.

Education

The Need For Collective Action

ACCORDING TO Dr. Kenneth Milne, Education Officer for the Church of Ireland, there are 57 associations in the Republic catering for educational interests. In addition to the big three, the I.N.T.O., the A.S.T.(I.) and V.T.A., the other 54 may be relatively unknown. Yet they represent identifiable sections of the educational world and most have the right of negotiation with the Department of Education. The resulting babel must be responsible for the continued employment of numerous filing clerks in Marlboro St., but must also account for the limited achievement of any one association in its dealing with the Department. It must, in fact, be something of a strain for any new officials appointed to that Department to identify them all seeing that so many of the associations' functions and titles have so much in common. Taking a sample at random we see the Conference of Convent Primary Schools, the Conference of Convent Secondary Schools, the Conference of Major Religious Superiors, the Catholic Headmasters Association, the Council of Primary School Managers, the Association of Irish Headmistresses, the Teaching Brothers Association, the Irish Schoolmasters Association, the Association of Presbyterian School Managers, the Union of Students of Ireland and the Parent School Movement.

Dr. Kenneth Milne.

It was the Parent School Movement that decided to do something about it. On Saturday, 20th January, they held a seminar to which they invited representatives of the 57 associations to discuss the prospects of establishing one body that might co-ordinate the operations of the lot. In the past such efforts as were attempted in this regard did not attract much attention, largely because of the sensitivity of these associations to any outsider trespassing on their domain. Now the position is different and a new approach is evident, the Parent School

(Continued in page 7).

Albert O'Connell: Provost And Mathem atician

Profile

APRIL 18th, 1967—a message from the Minister. Could the Provost come down to Marlborough St.? It wouldn't take long, just a few minutes. Well, yes, eh, certainly. . . In fact, the Minister proved quite pleasant. There was this proposal, that he was hoping to put before the Government. He was hoping for goodwill in the matter. Cork and Galway were to be made separate universities—and that left the problem as to what would happen to University College, Dublin. The best solution would be for it to join Trinity, as a second college of the University of Dublin. Merger, actually.

Dr. Albert McConnell listened, thunderstruck. He was utterly unprepared for Donogh O'Malley's words. A great chasm opened up before him and his college, swallowing the lot, traditions, everything. It was a traumatic moment for the 64-year-old Ballymena Presbyterian. But there was no outburst. The two men chatted. Thinking back on that meeting today, it seems to Dr. McConnell that the Minister was going out of his way to make things easy for him. After all, U.C.D. was joining Trinity, inside the University of Dublin. Responding to the Minister's sweetness, the Provost assured him he understood very well his desire for rationalisation. On the question of two universities or one, he'd rather reserve his position. But if there hadn't been co-operation between the Dublin Colleges in the past, it certainly hadn't been his (McConnell's) fault. The men parted, more or less amicably.

It was the climactic moment in the long 20-year Provostship of Dr. McConnell, a provostship which must draw to a close no later than September, 1974, at the end of the next academic year. His reaction to the O'Malley plan was typically calm, reasonable. Indeed throughout the "merger" debate, Dr. McConnell has remained considerably less perturbed than many of his colleagues at the enormity of the whole operation. He has been, and still is today, prepared to say that a single university could have worked. An effort to try to make it work in negotiation scandalised the academic staff of T.C.D. at their negotiations. McConnell bowed before the storm. Again, it was typical. He calls himself a man of compromise.

Today, at the age of 69, Dr. Albert McConnell stands honoured by the President with a place on the Council of State; the man who saw his college through the icy years of the "Ban", and the tortured parleyings of the merger, he is an enigmatic, undiscovered figure of quiet ways and gentle humour. Few Provosts can have gone through Trinity with so little contact with either staff or students.

He was born in 1903, in Ballymena, son of a shoe trader, one of three McConnell children, hidden behind the high fence of Northern Protestant apartheid, among Lundy burnings, and the signing of the Ulster Covenant. For 19 years he knew only one Catholic family. Today he is the close friend of the veteran Republican, one Eamonn De Valera. He came to Trinity, a well-trodden route from the north, in 1922, and never really left it again. Taking a first in maths, a second in philosophy, he was made lecturer in 1928, professor of natural philosophy (applied maths) in 1930, and, in 1952, Provost.

Dr. McConnell came to such power as the Provost attained—and it was slight—at a time when Trinity was already "outside the mainstream" of Irish life. But to him, the College never voluntarily left the mainstream: it was forced out. The "Ban" on Catholic students was an offence to his deeply-held concept of Trinity as an arena for creating a genuine union of Irish hearts. But, denied Irish students, the College unashamedly sought English students. It needed the money, for in those days fees and endowments were the only income. It needed the students themselves to justify the spread of disciplines. McConnell, for his part, welcomed the English students, while asserting vigorously that Trinity took them not of its own free will, but because it was forced to. Yet he was never bitter, in the way many of his Catholic colleagues in T.C.D. were. He even counselled against the aggressive anti-Ban campaign mounted in the late 1960's by his academic staff, fearing that a controversy could drive the Hierarchy into a sharp re-affirmation and strengthening of a precept that, left alone, was being progressively ignored. Dr. McConnell shares the traditional academics' distrust of the public arena; of all the universities' hang-ups as they enter the 1970's, this semi-elitist phobia will die the hardest death.

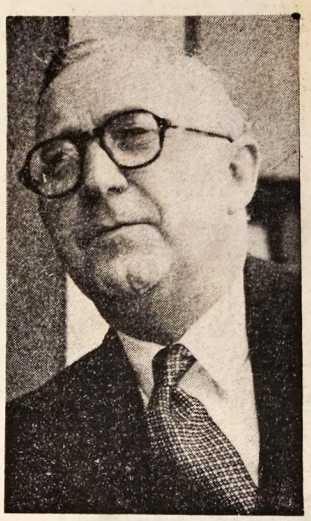
The appointment to the Council of State, interpreted in some quarters as a gesture to Trinity College, was in fact a mark of personal affection and regard by the President to Dr. McConnell. Their friendship has been a long one, going back to the 40's. For many years now, the phone in the Provost's library has rung regularly, once or twice a month, at about 10.30 p.m. at the other end, the President. Usually he has wanted some help with a mathematical problem. The two men chat for perhaps 30 minutes. It was on one such evening call on New Year's Day that Mr. De Valera offered the position on the Council of State, a largely dormant body, set up to advise the President on matters of state. Would it involve much work, Dr. McConnell asked? Very little work, the President replied, practically no work at all. So the offer was accepted, as it was offered, as a mark of personal esteem.

Some say Dr. McConnell could yet be an agreed candidate for the Presidency, to succeed Mr. De Valera. It seems an unlikely prospect. Apart from the discrepancy in dates—the Provost doesn't retire till September, 1974—his interests are educational rather than political. Yet his political views are not incompatible with the thought of the Presidency, favouring as he does the ultimate goal of a united Ireland, and prepared as he is to pour scorn on the notion that his relatives, or any other Presbyterians from his native Ballymena, are anything other than Irishmen. He confesses admiration for both S.D.L.P. and Alliance parties, and will tell those who ask that if these two groupings could get together, there might be hope for some advance.

One man tipped as Dr. McConnell's successor as Provost is the distinguished historian, Dr. F. S. L. Lyons, whom some college staff hope would restore academic considerations above administrative in the college's affairs. Other names mentioned are Professors Chubb, Ryan, and Watts. Changes are likely in the method of selection: though the final decision rests with the Government, in producing a short list the colleges academic staff will probably play a bigger part—and appointment is unlikely to be for longer than 10-12 years, as opposed to life, in past appointments.

Today, as his tenure nears its end, Dr. McConnell is confident the merger dispute is near solution. Others feel there is a possibility the Government, in its final plan, may yet produce "the big stick" that Mr. Lenihan promised some years back, as a final gesture against the still-quarreling Dublin medics, and merge fully the medical schools. The Provost is confident that dual pre-clinical schools, and a merged clinical school, will pass muster. He looks forward too, to being able to provide night classes in the future, but defends stoutly the decision in the late 50's to drop such courses. His defence is the usual one of "standards": no second rate work here—if the Government provides the money Trinity will do the job, at her usual standards. But is it possible that quality, in this instance, may be now a function of quantity?

A pleasant man, without pretentiousness, he retains an impish, almost mischievous sence of humour and a certain scholarly vagueness. He lost his wife tragically some years ago, and has lived since what some feel is a rather lonely life in the magnificent house off College Green. It is said he has allowed power and decision-making to slip further and further into the hands of the Colleges powerful administrative officers, the secretary and treasurer, and for this he is criticised. It may be, too, that his college, indeed any college, will require in the future more aggressive, even unconventional leadership, now that power has shifted to the public arena, and public accountability the order of the day. But most would feel that, for his time, and by dint of sheer, unassuming reasonableness, Dr. Albert McConnell has proved a good and selfless servant of his college.



Dr. Albert McConnell.

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Movement being the catalyst producing the change. Its role as a parents' association, with the strong implications of its seminal powers, has made all the difference. Their seminar attracted representatives from no fewer than 30 associations, a figure that must be a record for a meeting of this kind. The Department of Education declined to attend.

The seminar, under Dr. Milne's chairmanship, was quick to find a common theme—the growing despotism of the Department of Education in its dealings with various educational interests. Speakers referred to its lack of appreciation of the traditions schools have built up, the loyalty of the staff who have served them, the place they have established in the community as it prepares to implement a rationalisation policy that, as one speaker put it, has little reason in it. Such consultation as there was or even communication is in the main issues non-existent. It's with O'Malley in the grave.

What emerged from all this was a resolution unanimously agreed on to set up a committee to draft a constitution for a proposed Conference on Education, the Conference to consist of the various educational interests mentioned above. A strong recommendation to invite the Irish Congress of Trade Unions received substantial support, and the vision is of trade union officials, nuns, priests, brothers, representatives of the Church of Ireland, the Presbyterian Church, the Jewish Community, the lay associations and the students uniting in formidable array to achieve at least some aims they have in common. Who knows? They may succeed. Last week the Department sent out a circular to the heads of post-primary schools virtually directing them to keep this year's examination papers in their private houses for security reasons (the Gardai having refused to act as security chiefs any more) Department superintendents to have access to the heads' homes as they wish. It may have come just at the right time to provide the motivation for urgent collective action.

Presidency

A End To Democracy?

JUST TWO SHORT MONTHS from now, from early April, we will be into the Constitutional period during which the next President of Ireland must be elected. From then, the Government have 60 days at the outside to complete the job — and as yet no Fianna Fail candidate, and no short list, in sight. The best the Taoiseach has been able to do is send his Whip to meet Opposition Whips and see if they can start the dialogue towards an agreed all-Party candidate. The Fine Gael position is most simple — the old Henry Ford line about car colours: you can have any colour you like as long as it's Fine Gael.

Since the Presidency is supposedly non-political, why should the worry of filling the office fall most heavily on the political party which happens to be in power when a vacancy occurs? Theoretically it does not, but because the opportunity for nominating Presidential candidates is so restricted, in practice responsibility (and advantage) falls in line with Dail strengths.

In our circumstances in the seventies, and indeed for many years past, this means effectively that only the three parties holding most of the seats in the Dail have any say in the nomination of Presidential candidates. In theory, the office is open to each citizen who has completed 34 years of life. His difficulty is to get nominated so that his name can go on the ballot papers. Only one person can nominate himself — the outgoing President who has completed his first seven-year term of office. Another "back-door" method of nomination is by four County Councils (or county Borough Councils such as Dublin Corporation), but the difficulties in organising what Party machines would view as a "rebel" nomination are obvious.

The prime method of nomination, most frequently applied, is by twenty or more members of the Oireachtas. In theory again, Dáil and Seanad members are free to get together in groups of twenty and put up, say, ten Presidential candidates, but in practice the party machines see to it that all members fall in behind the Party candidate, and subscribe their names to his nomination papers.

This is not a mere formality. The Constitution states that no member (and no Co. Council) can put his name to more than one nomination in the same election. If parties did not make all their members sign on the line, a loop-hole might be left open for a surreptitious nomination. This insistence by the Constitution that a public representative cannot offer the public more than one choice at the polls, whether intentional or not, works powerfully in confining nomination effectively to the three parties in the Dail. If a T.D. or Senator could put his name to as many nomination papers as he considered justified, it is possible that candidates might emerge from party wings, and so give the public something approaching democratic choice.

In fact, there are few offices so concerned about the machinery of democracy and paying such lip-service to its tenets, which manage so effectively to set aside democracy when it comes to filling it. To take the thing to a ridiculous extreme in order to illustrate the hypocrisy involved, the position at present is that if the three Dail parties reached some sort of stand-off position, binding Dáil and Seanad members and County Council wings of the parties, and each declined to nominate a candidate, we would have no President and Constitutional chaos.

That will hardly occur, but at the other end of the scale, an equally objectionable Constitutional abuse exists — if the three parties nominate the same candidate, nobody else gets a look in and the public

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EXCLUSIVE

Where the Sweep millions go

A Journalistic Breakthrough

The Press
John Bowman

THE EXPOSE is not a common journalistic exercise in Ireland. Irish Society is too small, and too personal, and relations between the establishment too intimate to allow such treatment from the National papers. Furthermore, the complete absence of an underground press—that source of smoke where there may be fire, and limited liability where there may be libel, ensures an easy press treatment for the questionable, the complacent and even the corrupt.

The *Suday Independent* (Jan. 21) three-page indictment of the operations of the Irish Sweepstake therefore, must be considered something of a precedent in Irish journalism. For reporter, Joe MacAnthony and Editor Conor O'Brien the decision to publish the result of their detailed research was certainly a most courageous one. I understand that the Board of Independent Newspapers did not see the article before it appeared and it is certainly significant that the whole piece was published on a single Sunday, rather than split over three weeks or so. The latter course would no doubt have been better as a circulation-booster—if the second and third instalments had been allowed to appear!

With the exception of a hostile analysis by "7 Days", the Sweep has had a largely good press in Ireland. Its name comes before the public more often in advertisements or on the sports pages as sponsor of important events. One estimate by an Irish journalist in 1966 credited the Sweep with saving some hospitals from bankruptcy when the sweepstake was inaugurated and with providing 17,000 new hospital beds since then. In his book *"The Irish Answer"* Tony Gray showed a breakdown of revenue as 25% for the hospitals, 58% for the prize fund and the rest on administration.

A leading historian of our period, F. S. L. Lyons, described it as a "brilliantly successful expedient" and Brendan Hensey in his book on the Irish Health Service showed that 55% capital expenditure since 1933 came from the proceeds of the Hospital's Sweepstakes. Hensey also showed that in the year 1971-72 only two per cent of the running costs of the Health service was met from Sweep funds. It is this latter figure which the *Sunday Independent* quotes in support of its general argument that Hospitals are not the main beneficiaries of the operation.

This emphasis may be somewhat unfair, but it hardly alters the claim that MacAnthony's history of the Hospital's Trust amounts to a comprehensive indictment. He alleges that the business group who manage the operation are taking exorbitant fees, that expenses are excessive and largely unknown and that the original intention of the Sweep when it was set up by the Dail forty years ago has largely become a marginal aspect of the entire operation.

Perhaps more important than any of this is the exposure to public scrutiny of the Sweep's method of operation; the network of agents, the strategies employed to evade local police forces, lists of "hostile States" in America and the widespread flouting of international postal agreements to which Ireland is a signatory. MacAnthony's investigation has sparked off a further round of international press hostility to the Sweep and has further damaged its credibility in North America. MacAnthony flew to Canada the day after his revelations were published to appear on a CBC TV programme. The *Sunday Times* picked up the story in Britain. But in Ireland to-date, the reaction has been one of deafening silence.

The *Sunday Independent* has not carried on its demand for a "major re-assessment of the Sweep's activities" presumably it feels that it has played its part sufficiently. But surprisingly neither the Sweep's management, nor the Associated Hospital's Sweepstake Committee, nor the Minister for Health, has felt it necessary to make any rejoinder to the very serious charges in MacAnthony's article. Nor did any other newspaper take up the issue. There is no doubt that the article caused widespread interest and was the subject of considerable private discussion. But the connecting link between Press exposé and public action — such as followed the British Press demands in the Thalidomide case—is obviously missing, or else reactions are deeper and came slower in the Irish experience.

Is the Irish Hospitals Trust (1940) Ltd., then, an illegal organisation? Clearly the answer is yes; most of its activities, as MacAnthony shows, in Britain, Canada and the U.S. break the law in these countries, and the entire operation transgresses international postal agreements. But this practice has been always known to the government and tacitly approved by them and by the public. What has never been shown so clearly before, is the extent of profits to the promoters and the apparent laxity of control by the responsible body the Associated Hospitals Sweepstake Committee and Dail Eireann. It is in this area that government reaction, if it comes at all, is most likely to be felt.

MacAnthony's exposé drew heavily on previously published information in the *Readers Digest* and *Fortune* magazine. And it told relatively little that was new to informed people. Its greatest significance was that his article appeared in Ireland, in a mass-circulation Irish paper, and despite the traditional pressures which normally prevent such unfavourable publicity. In these respects it was a noteworthy break-through in Irish journalism.

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get no opportunity of saying what they think of the new President; he's there whether they like him or not, because no poll would be necessary. Indeed, care was taken in the Constitution to ensure that where the parties agree on a candidate, no dog is allowed to bark from the streets, by way of "write-in" names on ballot papers. Section 4 (5) of Article 12 provides that where only one candidate is nominated . . . . . "it shall not be necessary to proceed to a ballot . . . . ." At short sight this might seem simple, tidy and economic — but not particularly democratic. If the poll had to be taken in any case, we would at least know how the public were reacting to the President imposed upon them by the political parties, and we would get scattered indications of other preferences, even at the expense of spoiled votes (the number spoiled wouldn't matter anyhow since the single candidate was past the post before the "off".

Quite a number of political observers seem to think that a review of the office of President, while not especially urgent, is important at this time in the interests of national honesty. What we must decide is whether we need the office at all or whether it is superfluous to that of Taoiseach; or whether if we regard its existence as essential as a sort of constitutional insurance policy, we could not get better value for our money in practical activities like international relations and trade promotion.

The vast majority seem to agree that we must stop using it as one more slot for spun-out politicians, and begin to elect younger people with some enthusiasm and vigour for foreign travel and exchange visits. We will not succeed in making that change unless we can bring in some real competition for the job — and the only way to do that is to open the nomination door in pactice as well as theory to a wide variety of citizens.

It is possible that the Constitution review committee is looking at the problem as part of its general review, and it certainly seems relevant to them. If they cannot alter the present system, then honesty dictates an end to the hyprocisy of popular election, when in fact the choice is in the hands of an electoral college of about two hundred people, members of the Oireachtas.

If in the coming weeks, the three parties agree on one candidate, or one real candidate and two "sops" to keep party members quiet, then like the missing Dublin Corporation, another component of our democratic system will have been hacked away for political expediency. It all adds up.

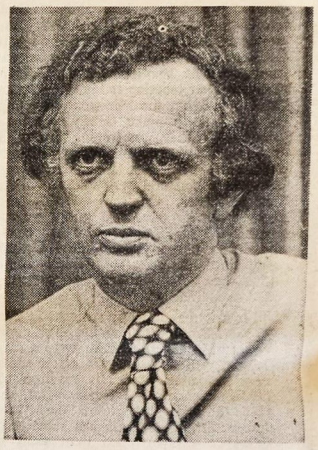
S.D.L.P.

After Jacottet

OF ALL THE political meteorites which have soared briefly over the Northern firmament in the past few years, none has been so dimly observed or short-lived as that called Julian Jacottet, first full-time officer of the Social, Democratic and Labour Party. As a party the S.D.L.P. has had more than its fair share of crises since its inauguration in 1970, but the blow of having to sack its first secretary after six months is the least serious of these crises. To put it another way, the S.D.L.P. has at present so many problems on its plate that the threat of facing a legal action for wrongful dismissal is the least worrying of its troubles. It is not worrying because it is firmly believed that there will be no legal action and even if there should be, party members are confident that the Party would emerge politically and financially unscathed. Other than legal action there is little harm that Jacottet's departure can do to the S.D.L.P. and paradoxically it was because he had no potential to harm the party that Jacottet was finally asked, and then told to go. In the six months in which he had held the job of party secretary the only impression which Jacottet had made on any section of the party was an unfavourable one. Not surprisingly in a man who had no previous connection with Irish politics he has displayed little grasp of the local political scene and made no impact upon the political attitudes of the party. Though that very political ingenuousness might well have been seen as a positive qualification to the members of the S.D.L.P. executive who originally appointed him to the job.

Trying to hold together an uneasy coalition of the diverse political views within the parliamentary party and the general membership was difficult enough without injecting into the melange a new strong element which could be divisive. While his detachment from the local scene was one qualification his committment to and knowledge of the European socialist movement was a further qualification. Taken with his intimate involvement with the British Labour party and his administrative experience within the B.B.C., he must have seemed quite a catch to the selection panel. There were of course the cynics within the party who believed that the executive had succumbed to that peculiar Northern inferiority complex which confers upon anyone with a good English background the mantle of infallible authority.

The months immediately following Jacottet's appointment were good organisationally but bad politically for the S.D.L.P. but Jacottet's contribution to either development was minimal. While new branches were organised and a new monthly newspaper was brought into production this was achieved more by the efforts of the unpaid party stalwarts than by the efforts of the new secretary. Similarly the loss of political support which the party suffered after entering into talks with the Whitelaw administra-



Julian Cacottet.

tion and its failure to retrieve this loss by the publication of its condominium proposals owed nothing to Jacottet who exercised no political influence within the party.

Jacottet's failure to make an impact at any level came to a head at the party conference towards the end of last year. The Conference was an organisational shambles and for this Jacottet was held responsible. When the Executive took the decision that he would have to go, Jacottet felt that he might gain some support from members of the parliamentary party, but Eddy McGrady, the party chairman had already ascertained that the members of the parliamentary party shared the executive view that there was no longer any place in the S.D.L.P. for the languid Englishman. Lacking any support, Jacottet went, leaving the S.D.L.P. to find a replacement while solving their more immediate problems of restoring their political credibility.

In the two months since the terms of the Border Poll questions were announced, the

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Q. WHAT Irish organisation is Senator Kennedy planning to subscribe to next?
A. THE TUAM Civil War Memorial Committee which is planning to build a £20,000 memorial hall to six Republican prisoners executed by Free State troops in July 1923 in one of the last reprisals of the Civil War. A group of leading Irish-American businessmen who are raising funds for the project in the U.S. hope that the hall will also be a memorial to all of those who have given their life in the struggle for Irish freedom. The Senator's office has informed the group that he is "interested" in the project.

Extradition: Why Des O'Malley Should Act

by Our Legal Correspondent

THE EXTRADITION orders applied for by the R.U.C. against Anthony "Dutch" Doherty and other members of the Provisional Republican Movement (some of whom escaped from places of internment and detention to seek refuge in the South), apart from being an important political issue, raises serious legal and constitutional questions.

IN 1965 the Supreme Court had what many regarded as its finest hour. A prisoner, Quinn, wanted by the English police and arrested on foot of their warrant by the Garda applied to the High Court for *habeas corpus*. No opposition being made to his application, he was set free, but as soon as he was out of touch with his lawyers, by deliberate connivance between English and Irish police, he soon found himself in a garda patrol car driven across the border at speed and, once there, conveyed to England by the English police. Meantime back at the ranch, a wall of ignorance prevented his lawyers ascertaining his whereabouts or his fate, so back to Court they went. After searching enquiries, the full facts came to light and an outraged Supreme Court made a further *habeas corpus*. This was, of course, futile as Quinn was now a guest of Her Majesty and the sovereign Republican Government was either unable or unwilling to force the return of a man kidnapped from their territory. Terrible threats of imprisonment for contempt were made by the Court to high-ranking gardai and English police, but after a lot of unsatisfactory explanations and "apologies" never carried out. Indeed, when all was over, promotions became the order of the day.

Obscured to the public in this serialised drama was the declaration by the Court that, the provision of the Act of 1851, which till then had been relied upon as authorising the Guards to execute on the English warrant and hand over to them a wanted man, was unconsitutional. The Act might have been suitable to co-ordinate the workings of two police jurisdictions, but patently should have been replaced after 1922 by an Extradition Treaty such as civilised sovereign States enter into.

As a direct result of Quinn's case, the Extradition Act, 1965, was passed. But traditions die hard and the colon mentality is not changed by fine words. Part II of the Act contains the recognised international provision enabling the Government to enter into extradition agreements or conventions subject to the usual safeguards for the wanted person. It might have been thought that thus empowered the Republic would enter into a treaty with the U.K. or that both would adhere to an appropriate international convention. Instead Part III was enacted applying "in relation to each of the folowing places, namely, Northern Ireland, England and Wales, Scotland, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands." At the same time reciprocal legislation was passed in the U.K. Thus, not by treaty, but by legislation did the sovereign Republic regulate its international relationship with the U.K. Shades of 1922 when U.K. legislation was required to give the Free State a Constitution.

Nonetheless, the Act provides valuable protection for personal freedom, even if the quaint local custom of "bundling," not to be confused with the cosy practice of the Island Uist, whereby exchanges of wanted men are transacted by pre-arrangement at convenient border points without any extradition nonsense, still survives. A warrant for arrest from the U.K. must, if he is satisfied that the provisions of the Act have been complied with, be endorsed by the Commissioner of the Garda, his Deputy or Assistant and can then be executed by any member of the Garda.

On arrest, the wanted man must be brought before the District Court. Despite the histrionics in that Court of some recent cases of men wanted in the North, that Court's function is largely ministerial and, on being satisfied that the documents are in order and that the offence alleged corresponds with any offence under the law of this State, has no discretion but to make an order of extradition. But a stay of 15 days for the execution of the order is automatically imposed unless the prisoner consents to its earlier execution and the latter must be informed by the Court that he may apply for *habeas corpus* or apply to the High Court to have the order set aside.

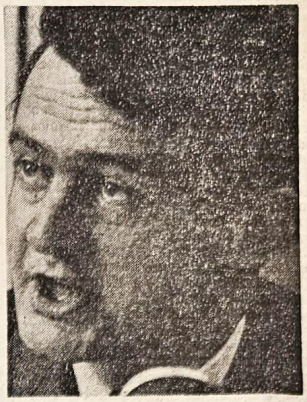
To date most applications, despite claims by every petty crook that faces dire political consequences if returned to the U.K. have succeeded on technical grounds due largely to sloppy work on the part of the U.K. authority. Sean Bourke was the exception and succeeded in satisfying the President of the High Court that the offences he was alleged to have committed in springing the spy Blake were offences connected with political offences.

This protection is *provided* by the Act, but the right to political asylum has long been accepted by civilised countries and nowhere more strikingly than in the U.K. It is a principle easy to apply in the case of a mere political refugee, e.g. a disenchanted Communist, but when politics are mixed with crime, difficulties arise. Is every murderer who claims he was politically motivated to be given asylum? Obviously not, or else flight would provide complete immunity to every criminal and leave the host country holding some very unpleasant babies. South American countries may be happy with the Nazis for economic reasons, but few others would care to emulate them.

The High Court will now have to grapple with a highly emotive issue. Given the Northern situation, can men who claim that, insofar as they infringed the criminal law, they did it in pursuit of a clear political objective, the reunification of Ireland, an objective envisaged in the Constitution and supported (or so they say) by the Government and all political parties, be regarded as wanted as 'ordinary criminals" and handed over to the N.I. authorities, perhaps to be charged with further offences, perhaps to be tortured, perhaps to be interned. Or, are their alleged offences "political offences or offences connected with a political offence."

Strangely, it seems the Court cannot have regard to any possible consequences other than the possibility of conviction and punishment for the offence alleged in the N.I. warrant unless very convincing evidence is offered that this is bogus. The internationally recognised "Rule of Specialty" (i.e. that the person claimed shall not be proceeded against, sentenced or detained with a view to the carrying out of a sentence or detention order, or otherwise restricted in his personal freedom for any offences committed prior to his surrender other than that for which his extradition is requested) does not apply between the U.K. and the Republic. Strange may be too mild a word, and it is hard to escape the conclusion that the omission was deliberate.

It seems then that the High Court will have to decide whether the alleged offences were committed in circumstances where two contending parties are seeking to impose the Government of their choice on the other and in pursuance of that object. To the extent that the I.R.A. can claim that they are seeking re-unification, a case might be made on this basis, though the difficulties are obvious. Looked at in the wider perspective of the U.K. the difficulties become far greater since from Westminters' point of view this is a mere local difficulty and its authority to govern the whole of its territory is not in dispute.



Des O'Malley, Minister for Justice.

The High Court then is being given an invidious task. If it is driven to the conclusion that in applying the law, as it must, the extradition orders are valid its standing, not exactly enhanced by its connection with the Special Criminal Courts, will suffer. Already the *cliches*, imperial lackeys, running dogs, etc., are being polished.

This situation should never have arisen and the Courts should never have been put in this position. Under the Act the Minister for Justice has ample power to intervene at all stages and prevent the extradition. He is in a position to give a wider interpretation to the Act than the Court and he must, of necessity, know more about the likely consequences of sending these men back to N.I. than the Courts can judicially know. He has already stated that it is a matter for the Courts. In one sense that may be true, but it is totally erroneous to say it is solely for the Courts. He has the power. But like Pilate he will not make the decision. Why should he? A guilable public, aided by Dessie, will believe anything of the Courts.

(Continued from page 8)

S.D.L.P. had remained silent on the issue while both the Officials and Provisionals urged a boycott. Only when the Nationalist party and the Republican Labour group announced that they too would recommend a boycott did the S.D.L.P. follow suit. The sceptics found it difficult to accept that the decision had been arrived at freely and willingly. The sceptics are probably wrong—the S.D.L.P. executive is sufficiently close to grassroots opposition opinion to have known that participation in the Poll would spell suicide and any support for participation was confined to a couple of parliamentarians, but it is the very ineptitude of its timing on such major issues as this which induces so much scepticism among the potential support of the S.D.L.P. That scepticism could well be heightened come March and the publication of the White Paper. A rising wave of despair and pessimism has now overtaken the nationalist community in the North. They fear that Whitelaw has lost his nerve and that with the acquiescence of Jack Lynch he intends to bring in a set of anaemic proposals which instead of heralding a new beginning will serve as merely another milestone on the descending spiral of violence. Such a development would have little effect on the standings of either Lynch or Whitelaw with the nationalist community since these could not be much lower, but it would have a disastrous effect upon the credibility of the S.D.L.P. which has constantly urged that the political approach is more effective than the physical force strategy. Unless the White Paper vindicates this proposition by making effective provision for a Bill of Rights and the extension of the Irish Dimension, minority support would swing back to the Provisionals and the S.D.L.P. might not have any need to find a new secretary to replace Julian Jacottet.

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Q.—Why will the S.D.L.P. not be advertising for a new General Secretary?

A.—BECAUSE after their experience with Julian Jacottet they have decided that the new man must be a local and member of the party. An additional full-time post of field organiser has been created and will be announced shortly. The combined salaries of both these jobs will be considerably in excess of Jacottet's £3,500.

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Maynooth

Independence Overdue

THE NATIONAL University of Ireland is sixty five years old this year. During this long period it has had only two chancellors — Archbishop Walsh and Mr. De Valera —and it now seems unlikely that it will ever have a third. For within the next twelve or eighteen months an Act of the Oireachtais will dissolve the National University and in its place establish three independent universities in Dublin, Cork and Galway. Some of the details of this legislation, such as the division of faculties between Belfield and Trinity and the status of the Council of Irish Universities, still remains to be worked out, but the biggest question-mark concerns the future of the fourth College of N.U.I. — Maynooth.

Unlike the other three, Maynooth is not a Constituent, but a recognised College of the University. The reason for this is simple. When N.U.I. was established in 1908 the only students accepted by Maynooth were seminarians, and in view of the prevailing idea that clerical students should be prepared for the world by keeping them from all contact with it, there seemed little likelihood that this would ever change. Even as late as 1964 the then President of Maynooth, Mgr. Mitchell, informed the Commission on Higher Education that he could not envisage lay students being admitted to the College.

However, events were moving somewhat more rapidly than the mind of Mgr. Mitchell. Two years later, at the end of their June meeting, the Hierarchy announced that Maynooth would become an open centre of higher studies. There is still something of a mystery surrounding this decision. The Vatican Council obviously had something to do with it, for it is difficult to imagine any bishop returning from Rome unaware of the fact that the education of the clergy would have to be radically changed. But it would have been characteristic of the ecclesiastical leadership to which we are accustomed to permit these changes at the last moment and with the minimum of enthusiasm.

However we may account for the decision, it provides one of the few instances of the Irish bishops anticipating events rather than reacting to them. Had they not opened the gates of Maynooth when they did, its university character could hardly have been preserved. The number of seminarians resident in the College has fallen in the intervening period from 550 to something over 300 and this trend seems certain to continue. But as an open centre Maynooth has flourished. Total student numbers have almost trebled despite the fall in the number of resident seminarians. The first lay students were admitted in 1968 and they now constitute well over half the

(Continued in page 10)

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Q. — WHICH prominent trade union leader (and music conductor) is no longer a member of the Labour Party?

A.—MR. JOHN CARROLL, Vice-President of the I.T.G.W.U. and conductor of the I.T.G.W.U.'s Bavarian Brass Band. He hasn't been expelled as such, but the branch to which he belonged, the troublesome Howth branch, has been dissolved, and he, along with thirty others including former A.C. member Brendan Scott, Geoffrey Coulter and Doris Gilmore, must re-apply to the Administrative Council to join another branch.

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(Continued from Page 9)

entire group. There seems little reason to doubt that the ultimate target of 2000 students, which seemed highly optimistic when first announced, will be achieved before the end of the present decade.

But though the character of Maynooth has been transformed during the past five years, its governmental structure remains almost unchanged. The Governing Body of the College is still composed exclusively of bishops. The staff can do little more than offer suggestions about policy, knowing from experience that these may be turned down without even an explanation being offered for their refusal. The bishops would probably have allowed this situation to continue indefinitely, whatever internal difficulties it might have caused, had circumstances not forced their hand. The impending university legislation means that Maynooth can no longer shelter under the umbrella of N.U.I. and far-reaching decisions must now be taken about its future.

The most important of these is the question of status. Should Maynooth become an independent university or should it seek association with one of the Dublin colleges (presumably U.C.D.). The staff of the College have already informed the bishops that in their view Maynooth should seek independent status.

To an outsider they would seem to have a formidable case. They can point to the fact that the New University of Ulster at Coleraine which has approximately the same number of students as Maynooth, has been independent since its inception in 1968. Maynooth has an older academic tradition than the other colleges of N.U.I. and its faculties of Theology, Philosophy and Canon Law have constituted an independent Pontifical University since 1890. Furthermore its geographical situation provides it with a remarkable opportunity for developing a unified academic community. Two of the three Dublin professors employed by the bishops to advise them on the matter have argued strongly in favour of independence; the third left it an open question.

Two problems remain to be answered. Will the bishops opt for independence for Maynooth? If they do not, will they try to impose an alternative solution on the College? One reason why the staff feel optimistic about the outcome is the presence on the bench of bishops of the new archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Dermot Ryan. As an old university man Dr. Ryan will have a full appreciation of the arguments for independence. He will be conscious of the present intolerable position of the Maynooth staff and the urgent necessity for instituting a normal Governing Body in the College. He can be relied on to support the staff's request for full involvement in all decisions on the future of the College. The days of episcopal fiats, unexplained and often inexplicable, seem to have ended in Dublin—Dr. Ryan will not want it to continue in Maynooth. Finally, his experience of university politics will bring home to him the practical impossibility of requesting U.C.D. to accept association with Maynooth if the Maynooth staff has already opted for independence.

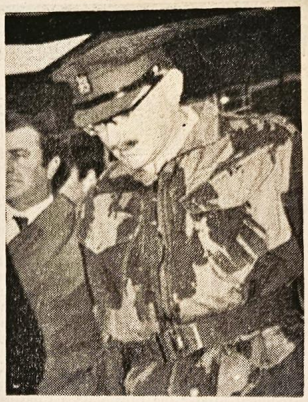
Maynooth is in many ways a microcosm of Ireland and the Irish Church. The decisions to be taken about its future will provide a safe index of the health of Irish Catholicism and its ability to adapt itself to the new Ireland.

U.D.R.

Problems of Loyalty

WHEN THE ESTABLISHMENT of a part-time militia was first mentioned, in late 1969, the last thing that Northern Ireland needed was a local force of military auxiliaries. What was needed was the disbandment of the Ulster Special Constabulary and a guarantee that it would not be reincarnated. In this, the main object of its formation, the Ulster Defence Regiment has been eminently successful. The B men were quietly phased out and an elaborate system of restrictions ensured that the U.D.R. inherited few of their characteristics.

The main check comes right at the top. The regiment is controlled by the Minister of Defence through the G.O.C. Northern Ireland, the Commander of Land Forces and a regular army brigadier. The Minister receives advice from a watch-dog body, the seven-man U.D.R. Advisory Council, which is composed of academics, trade unionists and business men. Staffing was put in the hands of a regular army officer selection panel and, to make sure they received the right material, applications for commissions were considered only from "those who had previously held commissions in H.M. forces or who hold a senior O.T.C. certificate." All battalion C.O.s, Adjutants, Training Officers and Quartermasters are full-time British officers. A final administrative control is included to ensure that, as Roy Hattersley—the man who set up the regiment in April 1970—remarked to his Birmingham constituents, the U.D.R. is "not like the B men—under the control of the Orange Order." Applications for enlistment as private are screened "with a view to excluding anyone found to have extremist political views." There are a number of operational restrictions as well, dating also from the days of the Wilson government. The U.D.R. is not used in any area or situation where civil disturbances might occur and the Tory government, through Defence spokesman Ian Gilmour last year reiterated its policy of not allowing the regiment "to be used in searches of land and buildings." Effectively this reduces their field of operation to mounting road-checks, guarding installations and patrolling the Border. But even here their duties are limited. They guard very few installations in any of the large towns. Power stations, telephone exchanges and important government buildings in Belfast, for example, are guarded only by regular troops. And Border patrolling is necessarily limited since the only transport the U.D.R. possesses is Land-Rovers, 3-ton, soft-top trucks and 6 Shorland 3-man armoured cars. The last mentioned, relics of the R.U.C. Reserve Force armour, have had the .30 inch Browning machine-guns they carried during the 1969 troubles removed. Besides this the regiment's radio equipment is not capable of being tuned to receive normal regular army transmissions and the daily intelligence precis available to all regular units is supplied to the U.D.R. only indirectly and in an attenuated form.



Commander Captain Denis Omerod of the U.D.R.

But despite these restrictions, which ensure the reliability of the U.D.R. as a unit, the British government appears to be having doubts about the reliability of many individual U.D.R. men. An examination of figures given periodically at Westminster shows that these doubts first became manifest a short time after the appearance of the U.D.A. on the streets. During the period between January and July 1972, the rejection rate for Protestant applicants was less than 9% (the average figure for the whole of 1971 was 7.7%) but between July and November 1972 (the last date for which these figures are available) the rejection rate for Protestant applicants had jumped to more than 35%. On top of this, while only one U.D.R. man was dismissed between January and May 1972, between May and November the number of men dismissed each month rose steadily from 2 in May to 9 in November and a dramatic 82 in the first two weeks of January 1973. There are no figures available on the number of men who were asked to resign during the same period but figures revealed last week make it obvious that well over three hundred resigned during the previous eight weeks. An actual figure for resignations cannot be obtained since the details show only that the total strength of the regiment dropped by 300 men. But since recruitment averaged over 400 men for each of the previous 12 months then the overall number of resignations must have been between 300 and 700. Some U.D.R. officers are prepared to admit that "a general weeding out" is taking place. But the official line on these enforced resignations is that they are for poor attendance. It is worth remembering, however, that the accelerated weeding out process of recent weeks comes at a time when the U.D.R. has come in for repeated criticism from a number of quarters, including the Alliance Party, the *Belfast Telegraph* and Westminster backbenchers, because of its tolerant attitude to U.D.A. members within its ranks.

The two attractions which the U.D.R. has for militant Protestants are the weapons training it offers and the now-automatic right to possess side-arms legally. Pistols are not, as a rule, supplied officially to U.D.R. men but if they wish to acquire them privately the U.D.R. will ensure they are granted a licence to do so. Only a small proportion of the regiment's 9,000 men are without privately owned weapons. It is this factor, coupled with the rapid expansion of the U.D.R. in late 1971 and early 1972 and a relaxing of the vetting procedure at that time (figures show that the rejection rate of Protestants was at its lowest ever in that period), that makes it potentially dangerous from the British government's point of view.

Originally, the regiment was organised in seven battalions—one for each of the six counties and a seventh for the city of Belfast. After internment, the U.D.R. had additional battalions created. The 8th was formed in the Dungannon area, the 9th in the Belfast suburban areas of south east Antrim, the 10th in south and west Belfast and the 11th in the Portadown-Lurgan area. It is with some of these new battalions that the regiment has had its most embarrassing experiences.

The 10th battalion—with over 1,200 men, the largest in the U.D.R.—draws many of its recruits from Tiger Bay, Sandy Row and the Shankill Road. One of its members, shot dead by regular troops during a gun-battle with militant Protestants, was given a U.D.A. funeral and a gun-salute on the Shankill. The battalion managed to have all the weapons and ammunition in its H.Q. armoury at Lislea Drive stolen—some of these have since been recovered on the Shankill. It also managed to have a full section, armed with loaded SLRs, surrounded by several men armed with pistols in the Protestant Woodvale area. As a result of this incident the entire section was disarmed and their weapons stolen without a shot being fired or a blow struck. A sergeant-instructor in the same battalion is presently serving a prison sentence for shooting two Catholic taxi-men in a hit-and-run raid on their Antrim Road office.

The 11th battalion, too, is another big battalion formed just a year ago. It also lost all the weapons in its armoury in Lurgan on another occasion while the 8th—whose men have the privilege of taking their SLRs home with them—has lost quite a few weapons from private homes.

Initially, the attitude of Catholics to the U.D.R. was ambivalent. Their parliamentary representatives made sympathetic noises and some Opposition members urged their supporters to join en masse. Extra-parliamentary groups, such as the Peoples' Democracy and the Official and Provisional Republican movements, were hostile or, as with the C.R.A., non-committal. However, the first recruit accepted into the regiment was a Catholic youth from Turf Lodge and in its early stages the U.D.R. had a 20% Catholic membership. But the Falls curfew of 1970 led to a wave of defections and internment was followed by another walk-out which reduced Catholic membership to near the 16 officers and 300 men at which it now stands. Intimidation seems to have had little effect on those Catholics who wish to remain in the regiment. Most are Catholic unionists living outside the ghettos and some, like the U.D.R. man who is one of the few Catholic shopkeepers left in the Protestant area of east Belfast, must find it a convenient way of demonstrating their loyalty.

The antipathy which urban Catholics have for the U.D.R. comes as part of a general anti-British feeling coupled with fears about U.D.A. infiltration of the regiment. Many Belfast Catholics have seen U.D.R. men only on TV. Even in rural areas, where U.D.R. men come into contact with Catholics, there is much less hostility and fear of them than there was of the B men. Friction does occur in areas of Tyrone, Fermanagh and South Derry where local U.D.R. men are mostly former B men but the relatively strict discipline and restricted powers of the regiment have helped keep this to a minimum.

The U.D.R. can claim no great successes in the security field. Perhaps its greatest achievement to date has been to keep its members firmly in check. But in the next few months this could prove to be an even greater task.

Diary of the year

Wednesday, January 17th: The Government announces that it is taking legal proceedings against 757 retailers for alleged breaches of the law which demands that prices be displayed.

Thursday, January 18th: Ministers from six different Christian denominations, including the two Archbishops of Dublin, Dr. Alan Buchanan and Dr. Dermot Ryan, take part in a service in the pro-Cathedral to mark the opening of Church Unity Week. The Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, initiates talks between the Government Whip and the two Opposition parties to find an agreed candidate for the Presidential Election next May.

A middle-aged Catholic man is shot dead in Portadown, Co. Armagh, and a man is shot dead by British troops after a confrontation with armed raiders in a bank branch in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Belfast.

Friday, January 19th: The director-general of Bord Failte announces details of a new "trading stamps" scheme to attract American tourists to Ireland.

Saturday, January 20th: A car-bomb explosion in Sackville Place, near O'Connell Street, kills one man and injures 13 other people.

The Irish rugby team holds the New Zealand All-Blacks to a ten-all draw at Lansdowne Road.

Sunday, January 21: For the third time this weekend the gardai find crates of smallarms ammunition on a west Cork beach, leading to speculation that the sub-machine gun bullets and anti-tank illuminating shells were destined for the I.R.A, but were jettisoned prematurely at sea.

Monday, January 22nd: It is announced in Brussels that butter prices in Ireland will rise by 2p per lb. on April 1st.

An extradition order directing that Anthony "Dutch" Doherty be handed over to the R.U.C. is signed by District Justice O hUadhaigh in the Dublin District Court.

Tuesday, January 23rd: There are shooting incidents in the Ardoyne area of Belfast; and a middle-aged man is seriously wounded at the Grosvenor Road after being shot at from a passing car.

Wednesday, January 24th: In Brussels, Mr. Gibbons, the Minister for Agriculture, announces a package deal for Irish farmers in the E.E.C. which will include a £12 million increase in the price of creamery milk, higher prices for pigs, a larger minimum price for grain and prospects of gaining access to a rewarding continental market for sheep.

Thursday, January 25th: After an early-morning car-bomb explosion in the Catholic Tunnel area of Portadown, Co. Armagh, there are prolonged clashes between youths and soldiers, and later a public-house in the town is hit by automatic fire.

Friday, January 26th: The Irish Congress of Trade Unions publishes a programme for peace and social reconstruction in Northern Ireland, and invites all political organisation to discuss it.

Saturday, January 27th: At the party's Ard-Fheis, the chairman of Aontacht Eireann, Mr. Kevin Boland, calls for political action in the Republic to supplement the resistance and heroism of the "embattled community" in the North.

Sunday, January 28th: Ceremonies are held throughout the country in commemoration of the killing of 13 civilians by British Army paratroopers in Derry a year ago. Troops and youths clash in Derry after a march while in Dublin nine people are arrested after clashes with gardai at the Garden of Remembrance in Parnell Square.

Monday, January 29th: A 14-year-old boy and a 22-year-old man, both Catholics, are shot dead from passing cars in the Andersonstown district of Belfast. In the Special Criminal Court in Dublin Martin McGuinness, a leading member of the Provisionals in Derry and another Derryman are each sentenced to six months in military custody for being members of the I.R.A.

Tuesday, January 30th: Mr. Tommy Heron, one of the leaders of the Ulster Defence Association, says that the U.D.A. will no longer make special efforts to prevent sectarian killings, and that it cannot control "Protestant extremists" any more. Another hooded body is found south of belfast, the fourth murder in the North since Monday night.

The Belfast shipbuilders, Harland and Wolff, win what is believed to be one of the world's biggest ever merchant marine orders—a £150m. order for six crude-oil carriers.

hibernia review of books

Courage and Realism

John Jordan

THE CENTENARY of the birth of T. C. Murray, last January 17th, passed over almost unnoticed. Yet Murray's work is not only of considerable merit in itself, but also part of the earlier history of the Abbey. It might then be argued that he is the true father of such "realist" dramatists as we have: by "realist" I am not thinking in terms of technique, but of the ability to deal courageously with themes that the ill-informed or complacent might consider sordid, or best swept under the carpet. Murray himself was a child of Ibsen as were the early Lennox Robinson, and the mysterious R. J. Ray (whose plays have disappeared). Murray, Robinson and Ray came to be known collectively as "the Cork Realists": perhaps without them we might never have had plays as different as Eugene McCabe's *King of the Castle* or Brian Friel's *The Naked Island*.

Of Murray's first play *Birthright* (produced at the Abbey in 1910) it is recorded that on its American production in 1911, during the scene where one of the brothers in this tragedy of fraternal rivalry chokes the other, John Devoy, leader of the Irish-American organisation, jumped up and cried, "Son of a bitch, that's not Irish." And the Boston Post described the play as "vulgar, vile, beastly and unnatural, calculated to degrade and defame a people and all they hold sacred and dear".

Birthright had not given offence in Dublin, but I think there may have been an element of the politic in the decision of Yeats and Lady Gregory to give Murray's next play *Maurice Harte* its first production in London in 1912. There had been the rumpus over *The Playboy* in 1907, and in its own way Murray's two-act tragedy was, for its time, as controversial as Synge. For it deals with a subject on which, until very recently, the Irish have been very touchy, and Murray, in 1912, went very close to the bone. Not only is Maurice Harte a clerical student by force of family and social pressures, not only is he "spoilt", but he suffers a mental break-down from which he may never recover. In the language of an earlier age, he goes mad.

Nowadays such a situation would hardly shock. But, although the Abbey has dropped all its minor classics from the repertoire, it is well to recall the judgment of Yeats, not particularly fond of Ibsenites, especially Catholic Ibsenites. "If Mr. Murray gives us more plays equal in intensity to *Maurice Harte* then we shall deserve as much attention from history as any contemporary theatre."

Murray was to produce several other notable plays, some brief and some full-length, but I think the best is *Autumn Fire* (1924). This play is about how an elderly man's son falls in love with his young step-mother. Technically this is not a case of incest, but traditionally, by all the canons of classical drama, it bears that stigma.

Murray cannot have known Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under The Elms* (1924). But he was probably aware of the *Tippolytus* of Euripides, less likely of the *Phaedra* of Seneca, most likely of the *Phedre* of Racine. He may not have been aware of any of them. Which makes his achievement all the more remarkable. If he showed great integrity in 1912 as an orthodox Cork Catholic in dealing with the problems of forced or mistaken vocations to the priesthood, in 1924 he showed even greater courage in suggesting that even within the context of an Irish Catholic peasant society, there could smoulder sexual passion and its agonising ancillary, sexual jealousy. And re-reading these plays of Murray, I am reminded of the novels of Mauriac.

The association is not as odd as it may seem. Murray, like Mauriac had little gift for humour. But both were pre-occupied with the elemental passions—love, jealousy, religious faith, even the hunger for property—working within narrow regional societies.

I believe some amateur groups play Murray. I am aware that the National Theatre has bigger and more highly coloured fish to catch and to fry. But the neglect of Murray, Robinson and indeed St. John Ervine seems to me to be unhealthy. Or are we to suppose that for some sixty years the Abbey produced only two dramatists of stature, Synge and O'Casey? Murray, at least, should be given a chance again, if only in the Peacock. A theatre that turns its back on its past may be forfeiting its future.

A Black Hymn to Mammon

Benedict Kiely

AN APOLOGY FOR ROSES. By John Broderick. Calder and Boyars. £2.50.

SEVENTEEN Irish counties can be seen on a clear day from the Hill of Uisneach so that a novelist who lives in the vicinity is well-placed to study scenes from Irish provincial life. John Broderick has never made better use of his position than in this, his fifth novel: *An Apology for Roses*. The Roses of the title are not exactly the roses of Rolleston's quiet watered land, which is also in the novelist's neighbourhood, except in so far as Emerson, whom the novelist quotes, said that: "Money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlours without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses".

For money, Mr. Broderick mercilessly tells us, is lord of all in this world he writes about: a world of overheated drawingrooms lavishly furnished with little taste, of errant and worldly clergymen, pious and vicious and exceedingly comic crones and female hats that can, like the ladies who wear them, be flat and religious and of young women (certainly one of them) whose tongues are hanging out for it but who still don't let their best run away with their genuine interest in counting the cash. The sizzling young woman thinks, like a lot of young people and like some who are old enough to have more sense, that a copulation as in the case of the lover of Archimedes, may move the earth. Yet she has interesting and endearing thoughts about love and money.

She asks her lover—the one she'll marry, a commercial traveller, his predecessor has been a curate, clerical not grocery—she asks him has he ever noticed: "how money will always destroy love if it can, because it's the one thing it can't control". But later on when she has won a baleful battle with her mother and, as heir to her father's business, has full power to marry her traveller, she realises calmly that she has invested money in love: "It was a fascinating thought; but not one which she intended to share with him. How much was that sculptured mouth? How much those strong legs? How much those hard muscular arms and shoulders? How much those private parts, most precious of all perhaps"? Marie Fogarty has been to many fairs and finally bought herself a stallion.

This is as brutal as Balzac, who among novelists, is still the best man on money and what it can do, and what men and women will do for it; and in any anthology dedicated to Mammon, called say "Mammon's Miscellany", this passage of Mr. Broderick, writing at his best, is entitled to its place:

"Money, the only God whose existence has not been questioned since the rise of civilisation; the only power which still reigned supreme over all the people of the world. The idol before which the most rampant atheist bowed his head; the ruler alike of tory, socialist, communist and priest; the great leveller in whose presence all are equal for no one knows the day nor the hour that the God may favour the humblest with his favour. Grace from heaven is but imperfectly understood even by the holiest. The blessings that flow from an unseen God of gold are manifest to all. As Marie counted her takings every morning she expressed a curious sense of reflected power, as in ancient times a courtier might feel near the person of a sovereign".

John Broderick.

The novelist is not denying that in history there has always been an eccentric minority whose actions have not been motivated by money nor is he claiming that the world as ruled by money is anything other than a mean world. His hymn to Mammon is a black hymn. The world he shows us is assuredly a mean one, and the people in it who live and act like St. Francis are as few and far between as anywhere I've ever been; and "the hand that loves the scatter, the life like a gambler's throw" are nowhere to be found.

Even when the daring commercial traveller, the purchased stallion, comes into his kingdom or legally into his pasture or stud, the woman and himself decide that it's time he started going to Mass and behaving like a man of property. There is no limit to John Broderick's polite savagery.

The great poet in a fit of deludheration made that scattering hand and gambling life prosper just as Christ, in the sickest joke in the gospel, made the meek inherit the earth. That particular beatitude—if that's what the sayings are still called—explains why the Eskimos and Patagonians are where they are: they are meek people and nobody else particularly wants to inherit the ice and snows of the far north or the storms of Tierra del Fuego.

If the provincial world that John Broderick describes is a mean one, except when he writes about the land and the changing seasons, nobody can yet deny that he has watched it closely and described it superbly. He is at his best, I sometimes feel, with clergymen and old crones practising to be witches.

Men not angels are the priests of the gospel, John Henry Newman said, and went on to preach a distinguished sermon about it; but only one of the three priests in this novel would have bothered much about Newman. Fr. Melody, the parish priest, the house he lives in, what he has to say about faith and love, human and divine, and how it is that the really difficult things are the ordinary things, which is why so many half-baked saints leave the church—all this adds up to a remarkable human study and half a page of it is worth a liturgical year of bad sermons and all the dreary unctous religious programmes that ever made a television sponger feel justified. There is insight here.

Of the other two, one is simply weak in the carnalities (to borrow a phrase from O Faolain) but glad in the end to escape from the despicable clutches of a woman and to have tay and a fry in an honest humdrum Catholic household. The second is a man of the world on the way up and by now could easily be a bishop, or — since the church was in the common market long before the jetset politicians, whose only recent act of faith has been to accept the price of beef as an act of God—he could even be a Vatican diplomat.

The two old crones, Nelly, the Fogarty's housekeeper, and Miss Price who does for the carnal curate, perambulate the graveyard, hail or shine, like two ravens. They tend to graves as a corporal work of mercy as they flay the absent living, and thicken the plot by writing letters with the left hand. They are superb and it is, I feel, a fault in the novel that they are not allowed a final choric comment.

It is also a harmless sort of a fault that John Broderick allows the traveller, on the way up in more ways than one, to buy at a railway station a book that John Broderick has clearly been impressed by himself, and that reinforces his monetary and amatory theses. Things like that are liable to happen when a novelist is also a great reader, which is less often than one might imagine.

Until now I had reckoned that John Broderick's first novel was his best. This was not to imply decline but merely to say that the second, third and fourth had not made on me the impact, quite staggering that *The Pilgrimage* did. It's a great gratification to say that *An Apology for Roses* surpasses all that has gone before. The fifth novel is a terrible test.

Benedict Kiely's new book of stories, "A Ball of Malt and Madame Butterfly," will be published by Gollancz in June.

The Long Summer Still To Come

James Simmons

1

I'm too sick with ambiton to plant
flowers; but all this morning I lay
taking myself easy in the backyard,
sheltered from wind by white walls,
the big white house my mother promises
to leave me when she dies. Around
are flowers, the roses and anemones
she planted, reared, looked after.

The victim of happy accident,
I've stumbled into idleness
it seems, almost asleep in the sun,
what I haven't for God knows how long done.
My face blindly addressing a blue sky,
small clouds beyond my mother's roof.

The sun's touch started me
on this, a spring of pleasure
rising inside me and overflowing
hopelessly, happily. A sense
that suddenly joy has the edge
on loneliness. Despair evaporates
like dampness in warm air.
Wouldn't you know it was Ulster,
a wet country, where any touch
of sun encourages euphoria.

2

Meanwhile I bend to my novel, *Zorba the Greek*, a rough, pretentious, overpowering
prose, ornate and smelly, like
a courtier in older times, perfumed
but sweating, sporting a used sword.
Difficult births and deaths occur
daily in Zorba's world. His people
sense Africa over the water
every day . . . that mystery.
They breathe air stinking of oranges.
Lust is a rough assault, love
is a secret. Their days are short and hot.

A boy drowning, the year closing,
are dead scraps in our talk, here,
dead verse in local papers;
but there everyone dances, style
expresses something. Their violent
ignorance goes well to music.
Old businessmen and housewives sing
songs like the ones I try to write
for my own half-living, dull, scared
countrymen, for my scared self:
I who wither at the microphone
of the Imperial Bar.

3

For me to live my exhausted country
must suffer artificial respiration.
Boring idealists are at it
in the streets, police are shot and shoot—
the old mis-educated pupils
of my schools. Utopian reforms
(the half-learned dreams of European
Socialists) stutter in mouths
of my mis-educated pupils,
surprised that someone listens.
Vicious applause obscures the arguments.

I wait to hear my songs used
or rejected, alive in the throats of singers
or laughed off the stage: alive
in the minds of old uncontroversial
men and the girls who half listen,
as useful as anemones
or roses my mother planted to make
an evening sweet, or mornings like this,
the long Summer still to come.

4

The bin-men glimpse my flowers on Mondays.
Can a sheltered writer of poetry,
sheltered by class and a teaching post
at the University from the people
he wants to serve, expect to have written
songs for a new society? What nonsense!
It would not be just; and yet it might
be so . . . I wait to learn my place,
imagine true applause, remote
as the sun kissing my face.

Then comfortably scratch my bum.
The long summer still to come.

James Simmon's new collection 'The Long Summer Still To Come' will be published by the Blackstaff Press (price £1.00) at the end of February.

Books

Voices of Resistance

Patrick O'Connor

JOURNALS OF RESISTANCE. By Mikis Theodorakis. Hart-Davis MacGibbon. £2.95.

SOLZHENITSYN. By Giovanni Grazzini. Michael Joseph. £3.50

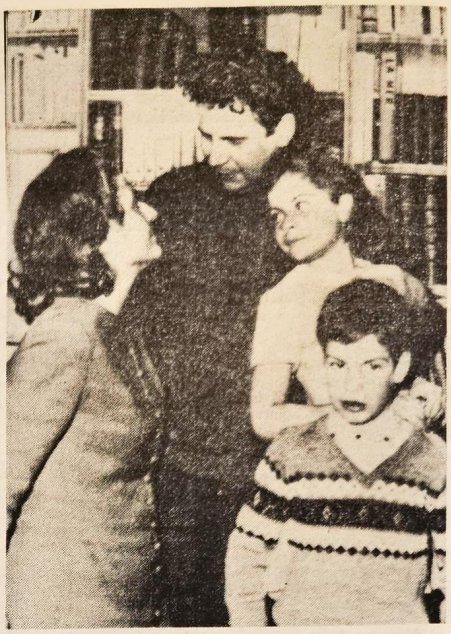
IT HAS BEEN SAID that the Greek passion is for politics, an art in which they have not succeeded very well in recent times, and it is a sad fact that anarchy is not only a Greek word, but also a Greek commonplace. No really satisfactory account has yet come my way as to why it was possible for the military junta to seize power in 1967. One cannot dismiss the notorious part played by the United States and the C.I.A. in the making and undoing of Greek Governments since the Second World War. No more than one can condone the refusal of leading Greek politicians, including King Constantine, to come together in a constitutional compromise that would have safeguarded the democratic institutions. An intransigent Right has been castigated, but it is equally probable that the activities of the Centre and the Left, the street demonstrations and the disruption caused by strikes, may also have paved the way for the Colonels.

In *Journals of Resistance* the best-known opponent of the Colonels' regime, Mikis Theodorakis, gives his own personal experience of life in the underground, from which it is possible to deduce that the fatal Greek tendency to feud and wrangle, to splinter and dissipate, may have been contributory to the radicals' failure to pre-empt the military take-over. Although Theodorakis took his place with those thousands of others who were beaten up, tortured, kept in solitary confinement in filthy conditions and humiliated by the servants of the Colonels, there is no bitterness in this book. "The poet," says Theodorakis, "suffers for all men, even for those who hate and torture him.'

Nevertheless, this journal does provide us with first-hand evidence of the existence since 1967 of a systematic regime of torture of a kind unknown in any country in Western Europe today and unprecedented in peacetime Greece, a system that has already been well documented by James Becket in his "Barbarism in Greece" and in the 1,000-page report by the European Commission on Human Rights of the Council of Europe. Now Theodorakis's moving account of what was done to his colleagues at the hands of the Colonels can be added to Lady Fleming's recent account of the treatment given to Alexandros Panagoulis, who attempted to assassinate the Greek dictator, Papadopoulos, and to Christos Sartzetakis, the brilliant lawyer who tried to investigate impartially the murder of the Left-wing M.P., Grigoris Lambrakis. Sartzetakis was the real-life counterpart of the hero of Costa-Gavras's film thriller "Z," a film for which Theodorakis was asked to write the score while he was in captivity. Since Theodorakis was not permitted to receive the scenario, he gave his consent to his music being used in the film. "I merely indicated some of the songs I had written between 1962 and 1966 which bore some relation to Lambrakis. For example, the song about 'The Child Who is smiling,' which was based upon the poem by Brendan Behan . . . The tune became the theme of 'Z'."

The journal opens on a characteristic note that runs through it. "Friday, 21 April, 1967, the day of the military coup d'etat in Greece, found me under the spell of Frederico Garcia Lorca." We follow Theodorakis's journey to various hiding places in Athens until his capture four months later, and his growing awareness "that there is nothing more painful, more real than ordinary physical pain, the pain of the flesh." In November he went on hunger strike in protest against the fact that he was not allowed to give evidence in the trial of thirty-one of his colleagues and after being unconscious for ten days he was removed to Averof prison hospital. January, 1968, he was set free, "one of the country's curiosities and a tangible proof of the existence of freedom," but in August he and his family were deported to the remote mountain village of Zatouna, where he was kept isolated under guard.

The restrictive measures were increased after the visit of a West German television crew to Zatounda as well as two reporters from Paris Match, and the report by John Barry that appeared in the *Sunday Times*.



Mikis Theodorakis, reunited with his family in Paris after his imprisonment.

In October, 1969, he was transferred to the prison camp at Oropos: "The camp contracts before my eyes. The barbed wire grows higher. Two visitors, once every two months. Correspondence is restricted. Forced labour and sickness." He contracted TB and was taken to prison hospital. Suddenly he was released after the intervention of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and flown to Paris. Why was he released? It would appear an attempt by the junta to blunt the impact of the Council of Europe Report. Just as the civil war of a generation before, with its traumatic effects, may partly explain the reluctance of the Colonels to execute their opponents.

"Journals of Resistance" is a strange book. It includes a Chronology of Events leading to the military take-over, a Dictionary of the Greek Resistance, a large number of the songs and poems which Theodorakis set to music, as well as the actual journal of his experiences. There is some inevitable repetition, leading to monotony, in the pages dealing with events on the run, the hiding places, the colleagues, the manifestoes composed in the Marxist jargon of the resistance movement. But it could be said that this periodic dullness gives the journal an authenticity which a more dramatic heightening could possibly erode. It is the journal of a brave man, in many ways a simple man, above all of an artist who retained his sanity and his equilibrium through the healing power of his art.

It comes as no surprise to learn from the journal that Theodorakis found solace in reading Solzhenitsyn, the voice of yet another resistance. Man's dignity in despair is the elemental theme of Solzhenitsyn and, if his work has mainly dealt with the specifics of human confinement and repression under Soviet conditions, it is the measure of his universality that he has found response on a world-wide basis.

Nearly all the relevant details must now be known concerning Solzhenitsyn's arduous fight for artistic freedom and, as the controversy over the recent unauthorised Burg-Feifer biography showed, he has little control over the parasites who hope to live off his success. Giovanni Grazzini's new study, "Solzhenitsyn," cannot be placed in the parasite category. What Grazzini has done is to give us a detailed and documented account of the differing relationships between Russian writers and the Kremlin since 1917, but particularly since 1946, as seen through the filter of Solzenitsyn. The book puts flesh on the "Documentary Record" already published by Leopold Labedz. It is a picture of a kind of terrorism of which we in the West have little conception and of a censorship that makes one despair of humanity even as the courage and dedication of its victims, such as Solzhenitsyn, make one rejoice.

paperbacks

JAPAN'S IMPERIAL CONSPIRACY. By David Bergamini. This book shatters a widely held belief that Emperor Hirohito of Japan was a mere figurehead, a pawn in the hands of his warmongering generals. In dispelling that belief, it tells in detail how Hirohito and his faction planned step by step to force Japan into war against the West, and explores what has happened to the Emperor since then. **Panther £1.00.**

NEW TOWN STORY. By Frank Schaffer. A review of the whole of Britain's post-war new town movement, from its early origins to likely developments in the year 2,000. The author has been associated with new towns since their inception as an architect and planner and therefore is in a position to tell us of the problems faced, the solutions found, and the lesons to be learned for the future. **Paladin 75p.**

TAXATION POLICY. Edited by Bernard Crick and William A. Robson. A critical examination of the most sensitive areas of taxation and those where the social consequences are crucial. The book consists of twelve articles from the "Political Quarterly" detailing questions which may properly be asked about taxation, as well as asking whether it produces sufficient revenue to pay for the services provided by the government in the first place. **Pelican 40p.**

THE LAST RESOURCE. By Tony Loftas. An in-depth account of how much man has won from the sea in the last decade by a noted marine ecologist. The author details the resourcefulness of the sea, and in doing so stresses the need for it to be intelligently exploited. He tells us that the ocean is self renewing but that unrestrained exploitation will ultimately destroy it. **Pelican 50p.**

FUTURE SHOCK. By Alvin Toffler. This book looks at the human side of to-omorrow, analysing the new and dangerous society now emerging and showing how we may be able to come to terms with it. It tells of what happens to people overwhelmed by too rapid a change, by the disease of change and most pointedly of all it stresses that the symptoms of that change are already with us. **Pan Books 50p.**

Books

'A BLACKCURRANT ROSE'

John Banville

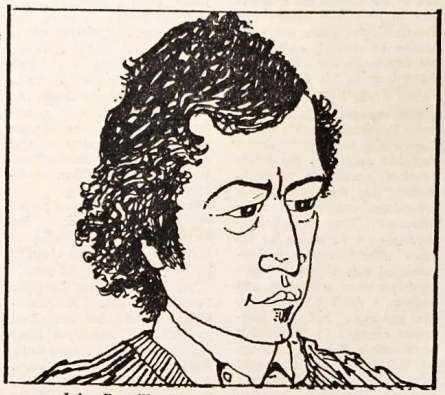
An extract from John Banville's new novel, "Birchwood," published by Secker and Warburg today.

PAPA WAS RIGHT, the blackcurrant crop was the heaviest in years that year. Just as well, since the fruit was by now one of the last remaining sources of income at Birchwood. The land on which it flourished had been already sold, and this was the final harvest we would take. Michael and I were put in charge of the pickers, a ragged army of tenant children and their grandmothers, and a few decrepit old men no longer capable of heavier toil. They were a wild primitive bunch, the old people half crazed by the weight of their years, the children as cheerfully vicious as young animals. Their conversation dwelt almost to the exclusion of all else on sex and death, and the children managed a neat conjunction of the two by carrying on their lovelife after dark in the local graveyard. They shied away instinctively from me, found me cold, I suppose, or saw my father in me, but Michael they immediately accepted. That surprised me. They listened to his orders and, more startling still, did as he told them. They even offered to arrange a girlfriend for him. That offer he declined, for he had little interest in the sexual duet, being a confirmed soloist, and it was I who made a conquest, when I met Rosie.

In the morning I rose early and waded down through pools of sleep on the stairs to the garden, where Michael waited for me in the cart with Nockter. The lawn was drenched with light, the trees in the wood were still. A bright butterfly darned the air above the horse's head. We rattled along violet-shadowed lanes quick with blackbirds, by the edges of meadows where the corn was bursting. Birdsong shook the wood like gushes of wind. All was still but for the small clouds sailing their courses, and it was pleasant to be abroad in that new morning, with the smell of the furze, and the grass sparkling, that hawk, all these things.

We reached the plantation. Nockter set up the huge brass scales, and Michael unharnessed the horse, whispering in its ear. I heard beyond the clatter of metal and leather the distant ring of voices, and turned and saw, down the long meadow, a concourse approaching, trembling on the mist, their cries softly falling through the air, mysterious and gay. If only, when they were beside me, when I was among them, they had retained even a fragment of the beauty of that first vision, I might have loved them. It is ever thus.

The fruit we hardly picked, but rather saved. From under their canopies of leaf the heavy purple clusters tumbled with a kind of abandon into our hands. Down in the green gloom under the bushes, where spiders swarmed, the berries were gorgeous, achingly vivid against the dusty leaves, but once plucked, and in the baskets, their burnished lustre faded and



John Banville. Drawing by Seamus McGonigal

a moist whitish film settled on the skin. If they were to be eaten, and we ate them by the handful at the start, it was only in that shocked moment of separation from the stems that they held their true, their unearthly flavour. Then the fat beads burst on our tongues with a chill bitterness which left our eyelids damp and our mouths flooded, a bitterness which can still pierce my heart, for it is the very taste of time.

Rosie was there with her granny, an obese old woman whose coarse tongue and raucous cackle froze the child into a trance of embarrassment. I noticed her first when we paused at noon to eat our sandwiches. Michael and I lay in the long grass of a ditch, belching and sighing, contemplating our outstretched bare legs and grimy toes. Rosie sat a little way from us, daintily fighting three persistent flies for possession of a cream bun. She had short dark hair rolled into hideous sausage curls. A saddle of freckles sat on her nose. She wore sandals and a dress with daisies on it. She was pretty, a sturdy sunburned creature. Having won her bun, she wiped the corners of her mouth with her fingertips and began to eat blackcurrants from the basket beside her, slowly, one by one, drawing back her lips and bursting each berry between her tiny white teeth. A trickle of crimson juice ran down her chin and dropped, plop, into her lap, staining a yellow daisy pink.

We went back to work then. I heard her granny's laughter rising over the meadow, and by some mysterious process that awful noise was transmuted into an audible expression of the excitement which was making my hands tremble and my heart race.

So at every noon we drew a little nearer to each other, treading our way like swimmers toward that bright island which we did not reach until the last day of the harvest, when the weights were totted and the wages paid, and under cover of the general gaiety she sidled up to me, stood for a long time in a tense silence, and then abruptly said,

"I made sevenanatanner."

She opened her fist and showed me the moist coins lying on her palm. I pursed my lips and gravely nodded, and gazed away across the fields, trying to look as though I were struggling with some great and terrible thought. At our feet Michael sat with his back against the wheel of the cart, slowly munching an enormous sandwich. He glanced up at us briefly, with a faint trace of mockery. Rosie stirred and sighed, trapped her hands behind her back, and began to grind the toe of her sandal into the grass. Her knees were stippled with rich red scratches, crescents of bloodbeads.

"That's fourteen stone," she said, and added faintly, "and two pound."

That was more than I had picked, and I was about to admit as much when abruptly Michael bounced up between us, coughed, hitched up his trousers, and grinned at the horse. The shock of this apparition made our eyes snap back into focus, and the others around us materialised again, and the wave of jabbering voices and the jingle of money swelled in our ears. Rosie blushed and sadly, slowly, paced stiff-legged away.

I helped Nockter to dismantle the scales, and we loaded the pieces on the cart while Michael harnessed the horse. The pickers drifted off into the lowering sun. We followed them across the meadow and then turned away toward home. Nockter clicked his tongue at the horse and rattled the reins along its back. Michael and I walked in silence beside the rolling cart. He was wearing Nockter's hat pushed down on the back of his head. We reached the lane. I was thinking that if Michael had not popped up between us like that, the clown, I might have, I could have, why, I *would* have—Rosie stepped out of a bush at the side of the lane ahead of us, tugging at her dress. My heart! She gaped at us, greatly flustered, started off in one direction, turned, tried the other, stopped. The cart rumbled on. Nockter grinned. Michael began to whistle. I hesitated, doing a kind a agonised dance in my embarrassment, and finally stood still. She smiled timidly. A massed choir of not altogether sober cherubims burst into song. I felt ridiculous.

"You're gas," said Rosie.

She came to me at Cotter's place that evening with a shower of rain behind her. The drops fell like fire through the dying copper light of day. All of the wood was aflame. She had wanted me to meet her in the graveyard, like any normal swain. I drew the line there.

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Royal Georgian Lecher

Mary Lappin

ROBESPIERRE. By John Lawrence Carr. Constable. £3.50.
GEORGE IV. PRINCE OF WALES 1762-1811. By Christopher Hibbert. Longman. £3.95.

THE FIRST volume of Mr. Hibbert's biography of George IV gives depth to an era that usually conjures up a kaleidoscope of high living, lewd loving, beaux, rakes, gentlemen boxers and boxing gentlemen. He unravels political intricacies and intrigues in a clear concise way — no mean achievement in view of the shifts and cabals of the period. A nicely balanced picture of the social scene is given added validity by forty-four black and white illustrations in which the ambivalence of the age is reflected in the contrast between the grossness of Gillray's caricatures set against the delicacy of portraits by Reynolds, Lawrence, Gainsborough and others.

The significant happenings of the Prince's personal life are faithfully recorded. His flutter with Mrs. Mary Robinson — an actress of Irish descent — playing Florizel to her Perdita and giving her a locket with his portrait; his tempestuous courtship of Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert, a Catholic widow of high principles — six years his senior, whom he inveigled into marriage by threats of suicide; his subsequent disastrous marriage to Caroline of Brunswick — to mitigate debts of £650,000 — that made him — if the former ceremony counted for anything — a bigamist. His chopping and changing between actresses and titled ladies of easy virtue prompted our own Richard Brinsley Sheridan, himself a notorious roué, to declare that the Prince was "too much every lady's man to be the man of any lady."

It would, however, be unfair to dismiss him as a gourmandising lecher. "At the Pavilion in Brighton Mrs. Fitzherbert and one or two others frequently played cards. The Prince talked to those who — like himself — did not enjoy cards; he listened to his band; or got out his maps to discuss the progress of the war, to find the site of the most recent battle and to display his vast powers of recollection in military information, the accuracy of which, so Sir Nicholas Wraxall said, "excited astonishment even amongst experienced soldiers."

Robespierre, the greatest of the Jacobin leaders, became the symbol of the Terror. Carlyle called him "the sea-green incorruptible." He came from Arras and was educated at the Seminary of Louis-le-Grand, where, in July, 1775, he presented a loyal address to Louis XVI. He set up as a provincial lawyer and specialised in philosophic enlightenment. In 1789 he was elected to the States-General and acquired a considerable reputation as a spokesman of democratic principles drawn from Rousseau. Wider fame came to him with the founding of the Jacobin Club. He spoke there regularly and his cold pedantic discourses corresponded exactly to the spirit of the members. In the critical year 1792 he opposed the romantic Girondins who were clamouring for foreign war. He even shrank from advocating a Republic, and unlike Danton, he did not play a leading part in overthrowing the Monarchy.

When the Jacobins seized power in May, 1793, Robespierre was elected to the Committee of Public Safety and was henceforth the leading figure, looking after the suppression of counter-revolution and the Terror which, he claimed, was a temporary measure. Early in 1794 he sent Hébert to the guillotine for being too extreme and then he had Danton and his followers guillotined for being too moderate. He opposed the atheistic trend of the Revolution and established the worship of the Supreme Being, with himself as High Priest. When he threatened new measures against the war-profiteers he was himself overthrown and guillotined. With his death the Terror came to an unexpected end.

Mr. Carr's penetrating study of this enigmatic figure is very welcome and, in its own way, revealing.

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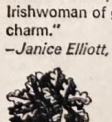


Hamish Hamilton

Books

A Lyrical Charles Atlas

J. P. Nash

EZRA POUND, THE CRITICAL HERITAGE. Ed. by Eric Homberger. Critical Heritage series, Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.50.

A POPULAR kind of American hero continues to be the outdoor frontier type described by the theme song of the "Daniel Boone" TV series:

"Daniel Boone was a man,
Just a big, big man,"

after which I always sing "with a small, small brain" as I wait for his sanforised exploits to begin. Hemingway was something of a Boone for the American novel, and had the appropriate physique, but it was not only because Ezra Pound was another six-footer that his recent death reminded me of Hemingway's—they had other characteristics—not small brains — in common, among them a certain anti-intellectualism and a tendency towards obsession. Both were accused of posing, but their harshest critics could not deny that in their different ways both had the guts to run, even run after the risks entailed by their preoccupations—Hemingway really was a war correspondent and big game hunter, as well as the only acolyte of Gertrude Stein to order his taxi into the line of fire of another heavyweight, Big Bertha. These two giants began as bantamweights and grew by sheer discipline. It was in Paris that Pound knocked a few adjectives out of one of Hemingway's early manuscripts. In his own work he strove away from 19th century softness to become the Hemingway of epic poetry, but unfortunately without Hemingway's clarity.

Since Poe, Hawthorne and Melville there has been a morbid strain in American literature. Hemingway joined this tradition with his penchant for the *corrida*, his obsessions with hunting and manhood. The last document of this quest was a recently published short story in which manhood is heaved up fishified from the Gulf of Mexico. Pound wrote some hunting poems, but his quest was literary:

"'Tis the white stag, Fame,
we're a-hunting,
Let the world's hounds come
to horn!"

Apart from metre, this early prophecy from "The White Stag" has Pound's trademark —archaism, mediaeval setting, aggressiveness and brisk self-improvement. Boone would be at home. Pound's hunt was successful, but his fame has some ugly wounds. In this book some of the world's hounds have caught up with him, just too late for the kill, in the shape of a hundred and forty-eight reviews and articles, almost all by famous poets or critics, including reviews of every book of poems, accounts by Yeats, Lawrence and others of meetings with Pound, a list of the printings of his important writings, bibliography and a good classified index. A few of the hounds fawn, others bay informatively, many bite entertainingly. There are some replies by Pound, notably to the attacks on the howlers and distortions in his *Homage to Sextus Propertius*.

His answer to D. G. Bridson's inoffensive review of the *Cantos* is a particularly violent one that excoriates the whole London journalistic establishment: "Are these the vermin for whom one should write footnotes? On these spirachaetes rests the blame for ten years' utterly needless prolongation of poverty, for 15 years of competitive armament and treason. I don't mean merely the gun-touts, but the journalists engaged in suppressing news and in keeping language so indistinct that it cannot serve as efficient (sic) medium of communication."

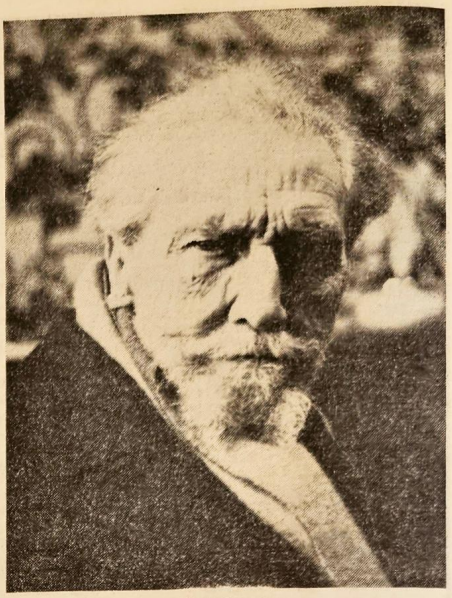
Yet much of this book indicates that to many contemporaries he was a collaborator in that activity. In aiming at verse "as well written as prose" he became a saboteur of both verse and prose. The formal tendencies of Pound's style, carried on by Olson and the black mountaineers among others, were in my opinion pernicious. Apart from the question of metre, the lightning flashes of Imagism and the thunders of Blast, intended as instruments of revelation, were unsuited either for the epic of action or of analysis. He became the Charles Atlas of the minor lyric—thanks to the easy-to-follow Dynamic Tension methods of Imagism, Vorticism and *A Few Donts*, *haikus* bulged into Cantos. Yet these heterometrics were, for all their energy, as static as the isometrics of that slenderised silhouette in the back of Dell comics.

Pound was generous. He took the troubles of the world, as well as those of verse and of Joyce, on his shoulders. His early aesthetic of satire was ethically neutral, seeing art as the oppressed, and tinged with contempt for the mob. This helps to explain his fatal commitment to Douglas Credit and Fascism. Besides their conditioning, Pound's perceptions were often second-hand and unsound; the resultant distortions were tragic. Mr. Homberger magnanimously excuses Pound's Mussolini-bound period in his introduction: "The Fascism he found attractive in 1926 had substantially changed in the years before the war."

Yet in 1938 James Laughlin IV could write: "His scatalogical attacks on ineffectual pacifists and munitions kings still continue, but apparently there are now wars and wars. A war in Africa, for example, is not a crime but a civilising mission. Italy must do her duty and save the blacks before they all castrate themselves."

Like Dick Tracy, Pound was fond of facts. Here are some revealing ones. In his broadcasts he attacked the Roosevelt administration for arranging the invasion via Sicily in liaision with the Mafia. Yet in 1939 Vito Genovese, in exile from New York, was hobnobbing with the *Duce* and his financial godfathers, the bankers, a profession Pound detested. Presumably Pound saw the Italian race laws of 1938, banning Jews from holding office, as a deliverance from "usury"—his *bête noire* —it was admittedly only in 1944 Eichmann arrived to supervise deportations. Unlike Joyce, he was blind to the funny side of Early Fascism— the ludicrous annexation of Fiume, for example, not to mention Benito himself. As with Yeats's *gràdh* for that inflated scoutmaster, O'Duffy, the causes lay in his socio-cultural roots. The culminating irony was that Pound's indictment as a traitor served the very philistines, now McCarthyites, who had been his first targets. At his first arrogant appearance the pack had been loosed that now closed in.

This well-made book is surprisingly readable for a critical academic assemblage — the cumulative damning of Pound is simultaneously amusing and depressing. Depressing also is the usurious price—£6.50, but I recommend it to students and fans of Pound.



Ezra Pound.

J. P. Nash is preparing a Ph.D. thesis on Ezra Pound at Trinity College, Dublin.

Unique Victorian

Warren Leamon

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS AND THE VICTORIAN TEMPER. By Alison G. Sulloway. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.75.

SULLOWAY, attempting to demonstrate how Hopkins' life and art were influenced by the "temper" of his age, concentrates on the religious wars at Oxford, Ruskin's aesthetics, and the Victorian concept of the "gentleman". She concludes with an essay on "The Wreck of the Deutschland." Though illuminating at times, the style is heavy handed and the matter repetitious and occasionally banal. The only justification for such a general study as this is that the author can organize documents and sources so that a clear image of the artist in relation to his age emerges. And this is the one thing we do not get from the book.

Sulloway is not the first writer to founder on "the Victorian temper"; explaining the Victorians is rather like explaining "courtly love" in that we are really trying to explain ourselves. Just as we cannot bring ourselves to see romantic love as anything other than an inherent part of human nature, so we cannot stand outside the major controversies of the Victorian Age, because those controversies are still with us, in life and in art. Thus Sulloway describes how Hopkins, caught between the Tractarians and the "liberals", sided with the Tractarians and finally went over to Rome on the question of authority. What emerges is basically an intellectual and emotional conflict which does not take into account mystery and grace. Because religion has been increasingly an intellectual problem, Hopkins emerges as a thinker who logically pursues salvation. This image of Hopkins, brilliantly expounded by the poet himself in the Terrible Sonnets, omits the source of power in the sonnets — the overwhelming irrationality which he cannot escape.

This problem engulfs Sulloway's discussion of aesthetics. Though she tells us that she is aware of the dangers of discussing influences in art, she finally writes as though Hopkins in his poetry simply implemented Ruskin's theories. But it is more likely that Hopkins found in Ruskin a kindred spirit, a fellow Platonist.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The true source of Hopkins' aesthetic could be said to derive from his faith, which is, after all, imbued with Platonism. For example, when Sulloway comes to discuss "The Windhover", she dismisses the bird as a Christ symbol. But because Ruskin held that art should never be an end in itself, she makes of the poem a conscious acceptance by the poet of his humble service in life, which leads to a rejection of the windhover's power and beauty. But perhaps Hopkins, secure in his agreement with Duns Scotus, simply describes the beauty of the bird and then demonstrates how the eye, made alert to the essence of nature, perceives beauty in the most mundane things. This reading is able, at least, to explain the word *buckle* and the final image, both of which Sulloway ignores. And it also makes "The Windhover" Hopkins' most Christian poem in that it serenely assumes, rather than argues for or against, a vision of nature. But modern aesthetics, like the Victorian aesthetics from which they have grown, always find in art an intellectual or emotional tension (how familiar the word is) and Hopkins is fitted neatly into such a scheme of things.

In short, Hopkins is a microcosm of the Victorian Age, and, like the age itself, he changes every time he is looked at from a new perspective. And Hopkins was an artist who did not consider art the most important thing in life. But, unlike other artists from the eighteenth century onward, this does not mean that he used art as a means of achieving a higher reality; rather his art celebrates a higher reality because, though he was never certain of his ability to unite with it, he never doubted the existence of a single, transcendent source of all earthly beauty. Any of his poems can be reduced, intellectually, to a cliché; but the poem itself always breathes new life into the cliché. And in this respect he was the consummate artist, simultaneously a product of his age and a unique talent. It is this combination of the typical and the unique which forms the "temper" of any age or of any individual; and it is this combination which Sulloway fails to illuminate.

Iconoclasm

Eithne Strong

TEN THOUSAND SAINTS. By Hubert Butler. The Wellbrook Press. £3.00.

HUBERT BUTLER questions the validity of some cherished categories; having offered possible venues away from the watertight he speculates on more fluid arrangements, historically and traditionally. However, he has his own penchant for some sharp divisions, differentiating feelingly between scholars: there is the *country* species, to which he himself proudly belongs, opposed to the *academic*, in which he numbers friends, whom, nevertheless, he is determined to keep in their places being not in the least disposed to awe in the face of dogmatic erudition. James Carney comes off rather better than do T. F. O'Rahilly and Kenneth Jackson, both of whom get dressed down in some acerbity.

Briefly, Hubert Butler's contention is that there never were the hosts of saints the tradition of whom has been variously a matter for comfort, complacency and Liverpool confetti (bricks on Saturday night). Mr. Butler himself extends benignly to the idea of the "saints" who stand, he concedes affectionately, as key figures to our history even if they are—possibly because they are — "necessary fabrications of the mind". We need suffer no sense of desolation nor bereavement without our factual saints, for he works with rather astonishing ingenuity and zeal to fill the blank. He furnishes an intricate and titillating hypothesis built around tribal ancestor-making: our race as a conglomerate from European origins is newly presented to us, not without a certain waggishness. By an odd sort of relevancy and association thoughts on the Common Market may be evoked in the reader.

He speaks aggrievedly against "the arrogant and suicidal policy of centralisation that some generations ago robbed the country archaeologist of libraries, museums, dignity and independence of mind and made the whole idea of unsubsidised, or, as the subsidised prefer to call it, 'amateur' scholarship ridiculous." Ridiculous, certainly, is not the word to be used regarding this work. It is ambitious, unusual, provocative and, without doubt, should be read.

BOOKNEWS
Andrew Pollak

JUDGING BY their 1973 catalogue, the new London publishing company of Martin, Brian and O'Keeefe should become a good friend to the cause of Irish writing. Francis Stuart, unjustly neglected for so long and forced to seek out a publisher in Southern Illinois for his last novel, *Blacklist, Section H*, is one of their first novelists with *Memorial* (£2.50), together with another fine storyteller who has been overlooked because he comes from a distant and supposedly uncultured country, the New Zealander, Frank Sargeson. Samuel Levenson's life of *James Connolly*, the first to draw on the great mass of Connolly material bequeathed to the National Library by William O'Brien, is another one to look out for. The author is also preparing a book on Maud Gonne and asks me to mention that he'd like anyone knowing the whereabouts of that lady's prolific correspondence to write to him at 18, Brookside Avenue, Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

* * *

HUTCHINSON are another publisher with a couple of items of Irish interest in the long-term pipeline. Andrew Boyle, who wrote the highly acclaimed biography of Lord Reith, *Only the Wind Will Listen*, is preparing biographies of Erskine Childers and Brendan Bracken, Winston Churchill's Irish-born *eminence grise*. A biography of Childers, that strange and quixotic no man's man, is long overdue, but I think Andrew Boyle's study of Bracken will probably be pre-empted by one that has been commissioned by Longmans and the *Financial Times* and is being written by Charles Lysaght of the Department of Foreign Affairs here in Dublin. Bracken, of course, was Churchill's closest political ally, a right-wing Tory financier who completely repudiated his background (his father was a Fenian and one of the founders of the G.A.A.) to become Minister for Information and First Lord of the Admiralty in the wartime Coalition Government and Chairman of the *Financial Times* in the post-war years.

* * *

IN THE last issue I mentioned the exhibition of French books in Trinity College Library. This month it is the turn of the Germans, who are mounting an exhibition of "Art Nouveau" book designs, illustrations and posters at the R.D.S. Library lasting until the 28th. Continental publishers obviously think there is a market for their products in Dublin, even if local booksellers do not.

I understand that a place is still available for an Irish applicant in the course in Contemporary American Literature at the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies this summer. The course will take place in the beautiful Schloss Leopoldskron, will last from June 17 to July 7, and the cost, generously subsidised by the Seminar, is very reasonable. The Faculty is composed of writers of fiction, literary critics, poets and academics from America, England and Italy. Further details from: The Salzburg Seminar, Box 129, A-5010 Salzburg, Austria.

* * *

A COUPLE of months ago I welcomed a large and scholarly work called *L'Irlande et le Romantisme* by Professor Patrick Rafroidi of the University of Lille, but regretted that there was no English translation. This fault has been remedied in *Aspects of the Irish Theatre*, a compendium of views from various French and American critics arising out of a seminar held at Lille in 1970-1 by Rafroidi and Raymonde Popot, respectively director and associate director of the University's Centre for Irish Studies. Their next essay will be *Literary Relations between France and Ireland*, which will hopefully include a study of the age-old fascination which France and the French imagination has held for Irish writers from Burke right through to Beckett and Behan.

* * *

BROWSING through Dublin bookshops recently in search of something stimulating to carry me through the holy hour, I noticed that for the first time the novels of those American "underground" favourites, Brautigan, Kesey and Vonnegut were creeping on to the shelves. In my opinion, Ken Kesey's two novels of institutional oppression, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (Calder and Boyars, £2.50) and family pride, *Sometimes a Great Notion* (not yet available here, as far as I know) are as powerful as anything to come out of America since the war.

Kurt Vonnegut's black fantasy about one man's time-warped memories of the Dresden bombings, *Slaughterhouse 5* (Cape and Panther) was the first of his novels to make any impression on European readers, although I learn now that all his books have been published in Britain over the last five years. My personal favourite is *Cat's Cradle* (Gollancz and Penguin). Richard Brautigan's latest novel, *The Abortion*, will be reviewed in our next issue, but he is better known for the gentle humour and mildly stoned prose of *The Confederate General from Big Sur*, *In Watermelon Sugar* and *Trout Fishing in America* (all by Cape, and the latter two in paperback by Picador).

If you're a bit tired of the same old Irish and English novelists—and there's nothing very new in either country at the moment—this American "counter-cultural" threesome, together with some documentary background from Tom Wolfe and Hunter Thompson, could provide you with a welcome, if sometimes unsettling, shock. The old maxim about a society in a state of violent change producing bold new ideas in its men of letters seems to hold true in America's case at the moment. Dissenting opinions anyone?

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FINALLY, a few quick-fire notices. Faber tell me that they will be bringing out a novel, *An End to Flight*, by Vincent Lawrence, brother of John Banville (whose new novel, *Birchwood*, is featured in this issue) next autumn. Joyce Marlow, who wrote those eminently readable historical studies of *The Tolpuddle Martyrs* and *The Peterloo Massacre* has turned her attention to Ireland and her study of *Captain Boycott and the Irish* is due from Deutsch in July. A new novel (or, rather, new novelist) who caught my eye in Hodder's 1973 catalogue is Harriet Gilbert's *Hotels With Empty Rooms*, described by the publisher as a "contemporary psychological thriller." If it reads half as well as its author looks, it'll be good. Quartet Books, a new venture, are bringing out a series of paperback reprints in late spring/early summer which include two of Brian Moore's "Canadian" novels, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* and *An Answer from Limbo*.

And a last word from Young View, the children's magazine and Dunlop about their National Short Story Competition for budding young Chekhovs. Closing date is March 23 and entries should be sent to 24 Victoria Avenue, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.

Brendan (later Lord) Bracken

Harriet Gilbert, author of "Hotels with Empty Rooms."

Scarred Idealists

Hayden Murphy

THE FELLOW TRAVELLERS. By David Caute. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £5.75.

FIRE BURNS and the scars linger and there is no such person as the unscarred. Beliefs, like diseases, and there is more than one similarity—are contagious. Beliefs, however, can be both comforting and compassionate and the Communist ideal has been and will be both things for many people. David Caute, in his splendidly researched and clearly written book, tells a tale of disenchantment not so much with the ideal but rather the physical manifestation of it. Hungary and Czechoslovakia were focal points; indeed, they often provided convenient excuses for those too selfish to examine their own excursions into ideology. I consider the capitalist onslaught through advertising and the wholesale creation of false values more dangerous than any "Commie" plot that can be introduced to us via the western orientated media.

When at school I showed tendencies towards the "Left," a pious paid and pensioned prophet stuck my nose into a book called "The God That Failed." I finished the book and nose soiled I wondered what it had been like for the Gides and Koestlers before they abandoned "the Party." Abandonment does not necessarily mean disenchantment; for instance, I am disenchanted by the Irish Communist Party for their failure to provide any constructive ideas during this country's present struggle, but this does not mean that I abandon the ideas I hold in common with them. Similarly, the disillusioned "intellectuals" of the thirties and forties were (as their writing shows) merely lapsed communists—the saying that there "is no such thing as an ex-Catholic, one merely lapses" comes to mind in this connection. In his book, Caute probes into the reasons why. Gide, Shaw, O'Casey, Dreiser, Feuchtwanger and many others are examined, and in most cases very thoroughly, though the account of O'Casey's membership of the I.R.B. is disappointingly brief and uncharacteristically inconclusive.

Why then is it that a book some four hundred pages long, packed with details that will keep me away from libraries for years, should leave me satiated with minutiae but starved for want of any constructive conclusions? The answer, I think, lies in the state that this country is in today. Involvement has become an emotive term, physical involvement has become essential, dedication and discipline of belief (always before this a Communist prerogative) are now not only necessary, but vital for survival and it is in his failure to relate to such a problem of conscience that Caute has disappointed. To return to my initial image, Caute has pointed out the scars but has failed to tell us how the fire was lit. Maybe that's another book.

David Caute

Herman's Crystal Ball

Peter Mew

THINGS TO COME. By Herman Kahn and B. Bruce-Briggs. Macmillan. £2.50.

YOU MAY find it hard, if not impossible, to discern a difference between a prediction and a forecast, and if you do, you are likely to be totally disorientated by someone who claims—as do these slipshod futurologists—that there is a third mode of unfurling the future, namely, a "surprise-free projection." What is a "surprise-free projection"? Briefly and in full, it is a statement about the future which, if it turned out to be true, would not surprise its author—at a guess, you may say, it is a guess.

Nebulous methodological tools create mists for the mind to fumble in, and there are doubtless some who will enjoy this book simply because virtually anything they might think will not find clear rejection; but for those who cannot salivate at the prospect of having merely *something* to say about the future of the world this offering will come as a queer pudding stuck loosely together with alien adhesives.

It would be idle for me, a layman, to question the plethora of putative general facts about world trends past and present which the authors hurl at the reader, but interest in their naive extrapolations stalls when one observes them treat concepts like putty—distinctions are made where there are none, and different levels of logical discourse are treated as one.

Herman Kahn is director of the Hudson Institute, which has recently published a report on the economic futures of Western European countries. France, says the report, will be economic top dog by 1985; Great Britain and Ireland will be scratching away at the bottom rungs. For some, this merely confirms their fear that the pigeons are soon to have a cat amongst them, but for the astute the report is a kind of comedy: they do not deny that the "surprise-free projection" may come true, but they do not see that its truth follows from the "hard data" slung together in the report—what they rightly refuse to accept is the possibly disingenuous naive extrapolation which has it that a present trend will continue uninterrupted.

It is no part of a Kahn-type projection to gauge its own possible effects, though Kahn is known to hope that where his projections are gloomy, they will be falsified by those who do not want the gloom to do anything more than loom. When Kahn says "surprise-free" he really means it; if all his projections are falsified he will not be surprised. But how does he know? He doesn't, unless his present surprise threshold stays put. And if it doesn't he wouldn't be surprised, I shouldn't be surprised. Would you?

Whatever you may think of this book and of the report, one thing seems reasonably clear: that both its authors and its detractors accept (some gladly, some despairingly) that the God to be worshipped is Economic Growth. He is a ruthless, jealous God. If you do not worship Him you will starve. The logic of this situation is vicious: in order to get some of the things you want you have to take even more than you don't. National characteristics, say Kahn and Briggs, are not genetic, they are "generally formed before puberty and reinforced from that point on by the milieu." That, plus Economic Growth, should turn us by 2000 into yellow-skinned, slanty-eyed Japoids, swarming over a machine-ridden countryside. Do you believe it? I shouldn't be surprised if I were surprised that you were not surprised by it. Maybe.

Wintering Out
Seamus Heaney

"An already achieved, uniquely precocious maturity is being deepened into a tragic voice... Soon people are going to start comparing him with Yeats: the packed forms, that unmistakable combination of clarity with argumentative density – it's all there, robust and abundant."
– Clive James, The Observer. £1

The Pagoda War
Lord Dufferin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Ava, 1885-6
A.T.Q. Stewart

"An excellent piece of writing about oriental history...The Irish Question was so pervasive an element of late 19th century British political life that its influence penetrated even to such remote corners of the globe."**– Times Literary Supplement.** With 14 plates and 2 maps. £3

Confrontations
Studies in Irish History
J. C. Beckett

These essays cover several centuries and discuss a variety of topics. Yet, as Professor Beckett points out, they all touch on "those elements of conflict that have played such a large part in Ireland's past and have left a troublesome legacy to the present generation." £3

Faber & Faber

ARTS AND LEISURE

Church Music Again

Alan Simpson

IN THE ARTS, as elsewhere, the rate of change has progressively accelerated during the twentieth century. To those of us born in the 1920s this is particularly apparent. Observing our parents we understood pre-1914 and even Victorian attitudes. We are also young enough still to be in the thick of things and involved with the youngsters. We have a rare old laugh watching our elders and our juniors confronting one another in matters of artistic taste. Both camps fail to realise that the others are judging from totally different standards: there can be no consensus.

The people who are most harassed by this situation are those who administer large organisations. Dom Paul McDonnell in his article about church music (*Hibernia* 19/1/1973) has drawn attention to the problems facing the administrators of the Roman Catholic Church in relation to the arts. In the secular world it is the administrators who bear the burden of selling to a divided public the swinging ideas (straight from the think tanks) that have been sanctioned by the Boss. Dom Paul in reminding us that the Church authorities have problems today analageous to those of secular administrations says: "The history of the Roman Liturgy is closely bound up with the development of Western civilisation and culture," but goes on to imply that since roughly the time of the French Revolution such has not been the case.

This means, it appears that today more than ever before the Church has to select what aspects of modern culture it deems fit for consumption by the faithful while at worship. One's mind boggles at the dilemma. Particularly in the field of music.

There is classical music: Bach, Tchaikovsky and such. Not much problem there. Most people like it even if it doesn't have them jiving in the aisles. Also, given a beat, it can be converted into pop to make it palatable to the common man.

However, the big confrontation is over rhythm, or a heavy beat. This is definitely a generation thing. I personally turned on to classical jazz as a boy in the late thirties. I was, I think, a little before my time. I remember somewhat later converting others to my taste for *Red Nichols and His Five Pennies*. One of my converts was a fellow Army officer with whom I shared a room in Athlone Barracks. After a late vocation he is now a C.C. in England. I hope it helps him in his work.

At that time the intelligentsia considered dance music and jazz (between which they could not distinguish) vulgar. The religious considered it immoral. Nowadays, all the smartest intellectual weeklies carry jazz and even pop columns in their arts sections. As for the religious, even the Salvation Army has its *Joy Strings* though the speed of the change makes them already old hat.

Dom Paul contends that "guitar priests" are not to be welcome in Church" although they may, he says, "be a pleasant surprise in a music hall." That is as may be. At the moment, I am preparing a production of Jesus Christ Superstar" for one of our larger Dublin music halls. I can report that my younger children are studying the score and text avidly. And they have been asking very intelligent questions about Christ and Christianity. This has never happened before, though they frequently get high marks for Religious Knowledge in their otherwise excellent clerically managed National Schools.

Should the music hall or the theatres take over the purely cultural side of religion and leave the Churches to get on with unadulterated worship? Peter Brook and other theatre directors in England and elsewhere have been engaged in an art form rather pompously titled The Theatre of Ritual. Working in highly secularised, not to say atheist societies, they feel that human beings *need* ritual and they reckon to give it to them in the theatre.

Dom Paul says: "In adapting the externals of the liturgy to the twentieth century the Church has had to sacrifice much of its cultural heritage." If the culture scene remains the squabble it now is, maybe the Church ought to pull out with dignity, while the going is good

For myself, I can say that two most memorable religious experience were a prayer meeting that preceded a party given by the black cast of "Porgy and Bess" in London many years ago and an "Underground Mass" celebrated by a Jesuit in California in 1970. The former was, not surprisingly, almost exclusively musical, the latter entirely non-musical and only used the barest basics of the liturgy.

Bernadette McKenna as Maria, May Cluskey as Mrs. Candour, Edward Byrne as Crabtree and John Kavanagh as Sir Benjamin Backbite in a scene from 'A School for Scandal' now playing at the Abbey.

A School for Scandal — A School for Direction

THE ABBEY Theatre's production of *The School for Scandal* deserved a better press. The second half of the production was lively and stylish and gave this old carper a great deal of pleasure. The first half suffered from lack of pace and would have gained from judicious cutting. Sheridan's plot expositions are dreadfully tedious and long winded. It is an established prejudice that, "The Abbey can't do this sort of thing", meaning anything that isn't Synge, O'Casey or Behan. This might have been true ten or even five years ago, but it is no longer so. There is a group of young actors in the Abbey now, who if given the right direction can do practically anything. They have style, grace, brains and reasonably well-trained voices. Any company that can boast John Kavanagh, Joe Dowling, Bob Carlile, Des Cave, Eamonn Morrissey, Boscoe Hogan, Raymond Hardie, and ladies like Terry Donnelly, Nuala Hayes, Maire ONeill, Veronica Duffy, Joan O'Hara, Angela Newman and May Cluskey, is perfectly well equipped to stage anything, and the Abbey might well be proud of them. If I do not mention some of the older players it is because, though they are extremely useful in Irish drama, they are not flexible enough to be of all round use.

Jaquerello might have brought it off if he hadn't gimmicked around placing *The School for Scandal* in Dublin. Surely to God some lessons might have been learned from the awful Irish Hamlet? Of course we all know that a flourishing School for Scandal still operates here, but that's no excuse! Sheridan's comedy is the very breath and essence of eighteenth century London. The old boy may have been born in Dublin, but he got out of it as fast as possible and made a brilliant career in London and Bath. And why have Lady Teazle talk like an itinerant teenager? And why hand the lovely song "Let the Toast Pass" to a senile old fellow when it is meant by the author to be delivered by a young gallant standing on a chair with one foot on the the table. And was it Sir Tony Bumper, and not Sir *Harry* as the author also designated. I only surmise Sir Harry Brogan was brought in for the sure laugh. The director did not study his class distinctions. Lady Teazle was not The Colleen Bawn, she was the daughter of a country squire. The set though it has some charming interiors was more suitable for Tyburn and *The Beggars Opera*. Sir Peter is not a creepy dirty old man. In John Gielgud's unforgettable production he was played as a big handsome stupid fox-hunting squire with a rich past one felt, and several love-children tucked away in the village. He was settling down rather late, probably hoping for an heir. He had Lady Teazle under his thumb and therefore Lady Teazle could only *teazle* around. I felt the music was a bit on the doleful dirgey side; the mood of the play is Mozartian; but it perked up like everything else in the second part. The costumes were enchanting and the actors moved with grace and style.

I noted Bob Carlile was assistant director to Mr. J. Does this mean the Abbey is alarmed about the dearth of good directors in Dublin and hopes to establish a stud farm for same? The number of first-rate directors in Dublin can be counted on the fingers of one hand, that is if you've lost two in an accident. The only directors who put their signature to any production are Hilton Edwards, Tomas Mac Ana and Alan Simpson. Barry Cassin does a great deal for Gemini and others but his productions are rather characterless. I feel he is probably a magnificent stage manager. Coming up are Chris O'Neill, Joe Dowling and Jaquerello. Dowling and O'Neill have yet to prove themselves in a large theatre.

Joe Dowling is I feel the real hope, but he needs experience on the big stage. Jaquerello is dedicated, hard working, and intelligent, but he is rather uneven in his approach. The School for Scandal was a very tough assignment for his debut and I'm not sure that comedy is his forte. Meanwhile where are the boys going to get the training and experience they need? Answer: in the Peacock of course. There was some underground conference on this score lately, in camera with cameras, but I have no idea what it portended. Wind? Anyway why not a new play in the Peacock every three weeks and let the young directors handle them. Let them try their hand at everything: classical, modern, musical and world theatre. They should learn about lighting, blocking, sound effects and choreography. There is not a single fact of his productions that Hilton Edwards doesn't supervise. You can't settle for group therapy. A strict attention to detail should be drummed into them. I have seen things on the Dublin stage that would not be tolerated in a high school production. Whole areas of the stage unlighted. Awful furniture chosen with no regard to time and place or period and the same with costumes. Sound effects failing to come in on cue and often too loud, loud enough to drown out the actors. This can be put down to bad stage management but the fact is no director worth his salt would allow these things to happen. Alan Barlow's production of *Old Times* was a lesson in all round efficiency. If we are in the Common Market let's *be* in the Common Market. Why not hire a guest director from London occasionally? And why couldn't Equity allow an occasional swapping of English and Irish actors when they are needed. If it's done on an exchange basis there would be no loss in employment. Think what they could all learn from each other! Meanwhile could Hilton Edwards not be persuaded to hold an occasional seminar for young directors? This is a problem which sooner or later must be faced and it better be faced very soon or the Dublin theatre is in serious trouble.

The Northern Invasion

THIS WEEK SEES the entirely welcome invasion of Dublin by three Northern artists, Colin Middleton and the brothers William and Tom Collins.

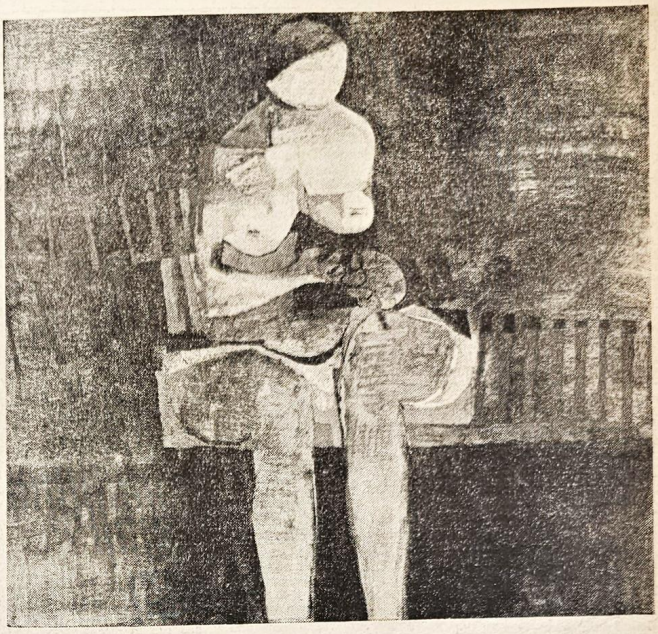
Colin Middleton represents a dangerous lesson to me of the possible end result of my harangue to the students in the last issue on the importance of technique. For here is an artist who, technically, can do anything he wants but who still does not know what he wants to do. So in his current exhibition at the David Hendriks Gallery, we are offered again a gamut of styles ranging from straight Picasso pastiche to straight Klee pastiche to straight naturalistic landscape. As painting goes, I think the set of five tiny Klees is the most successful; they are so purely Klees as to be quite delightful, and the artists's design skill, which has always been paramount, is used to full advantage in these minute watercolours.

The new Picasso paintings are also attractive, particularly in the use of bright, broad planes of primary colour which give definite lift to Colin Middleton's normally brownish palette. In a painting like *June : Ballinderry 1*, the whole quality of the paint is more at ease, the paint lies more easily on the surface than the overworked browns of *Trees in the Wind*, *Finn Valley*, *Stubble Lincoln* and at least another half-dozen of the same sort. It must be discouraging for the artist that he is so much better at other people's work than at his own. For where one would expect his talent and skill to blossom with an inner knowledge and life-long experience of his native landscape, on the contrary his landscape painting appears to me uncertain, unconvinced, caught between the more complex designing instincts of the artist and his conscious desire to interpret the scenery. If one thinks of the open-hearted painting of Nathaniel Hone or Camille Souter, I think one can see how Colin Middleton's landscape painting is thin and forced, tight and restricted. His drawing, on the other hand, vibrates with decision and conviction. Of four large drawings in the exhibition *Mother and Child* and *Woman With Bird 2* are stronger than any of the paintings. They are drawn with a clear, vivid line on damp paper so that the line spreads slightly as it is drawn, which, curiously, gives the whole drawing a livelier aspect.

THE COLLINS brothers, at the Project Arts Centre, are also skilled in technique, the painter William perhaps more so than the sculptor Tom. William Collins' work is like a cross between Roy Johnston and Michael Farrell. His Lough Neagh series is similar in concept and form to Michael Farrell's Sandycove Series. Both painters have used a large triangular form composed of small triangles in a receding perspective to form the nucleus of their work.

William Collins has gone a step further and used a triangular canvas in some of his paintings, and in *Double Mirage* has used two separate triangular canvasses, one above the other. The idea of these Lough Neagh triangle paintings is interesting, but I feel that the painter has not quite resolved the texture of the pale, vague colour. He may be aiming at a flat, foggy, diffused white light, but here his technique is failing him, and the intention of the painting suffers. The New Series 1971-'72 is more successful within itself, very skilfully sprayed. (There still lingers a faint disrespect for sprayed painting, but it seems to me that skilful meticulous spraying is just as difficult and as admirable as skilful meticulous brushwork.) These paintings are composed of windowpane squares also arranged in a receding perspective with delicately overlapping colours rising behind them, slightly in the manner of Patrick Scott's *Pyre Series*, all on dark quiet backgrounds, sometimes with a single "steamer" of colour cutting across the top of the painting. The feeling of the work is pleasantly reserved.

Tom Collins' sculpture is made of steel, the painted works being more successful than the plain welded steel: the relationship between the polished centres of the steel plates and the rough edges is ambiguous, and indeed some of the rough cutting of the forms. But the tall red *Form Elancée* and the *Yellow Composition* are both fine, well resolved pieces.



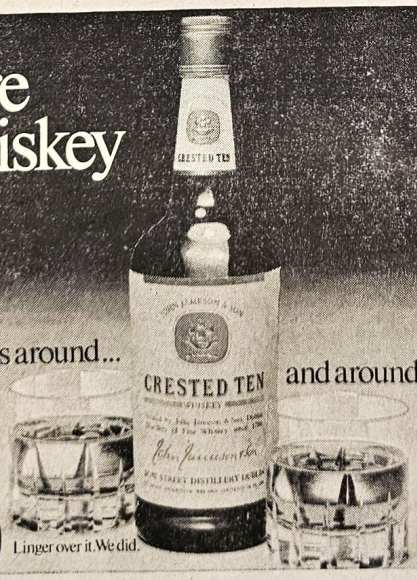
"Seated Figure" by Colin Middleton on show at the David Hendriks Gallery.

TO REFER back to foggy, diffused light, one inevitably thinks of Turner, and this is the time of the year when the Henry Vaughan bequest of Turner watercolours is displayed to the public in the National Gallery. I can remember my father telling me, as a small child, about these watercolours being only shown in January **when the light is right**, and it is, I understand, a condition of the bequest that they be only shown in January **when the light is right.** I was, therefore, stupefied last week to see the Turners displayed in the National Gallery under a bank of fluorescent lights which were merrily killing the delicate glow of Turner's celebrated atmospheric effects.

Fluorescent light is known to affect yellow and red more adversely than other colours: it could hardly be more ill-advised for lighting these particular watercolours, even had they managed to survive being shown on a huge wall covered in the National Gallery's beloved coffee-coloured satin brocade.

ANYONE interested in the Irish art scene will have been shocked to hear of the death of the young painter Jonathan Wade, an artist of great promise whose talent had already made a serious addition to the body of modern Irish art while he was still in his twenties. I would like to add my own personal sense of loss to that of his colleagues, family and friends.

When you're the best whiskey around...



The word gets around... and around.

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WILSON HARTNELL

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Old Fashioned Entertainment

THERE IS no new film of any outstanding merit on view at the moment, just a mixed bag of more or less routine features. In alphabetical order, first comes THE BURGLARS (Savoy I), a computerised concoction about a computerised burglary. Back in 1957 the American director Paul Wendkos made a film called "*The Burglar*," based on a novel by David Goodis, as a vehicle for the lactiferous Jayne Mansfield. In this latest version, fifteen years later, director Henri Verneuil transfers the location to Athens with pleasing results. The story is basically still the same variation on the Rififi plot, with Jean-Paul Belmondo as the technological safe-cracker who gets away with $1 million in gems, only to be pursued by a bent policeman who is a lethal sadist (Omar Sharif) and who fancies the loot rather than the reward. The pace is fast and furious, with the inevitable car chase through the city (once again the inimitable Remy Julienne team), but for once the streets are crowded with people which gives added tension to the over-long pursuit. Local colour is splashed on, some of it mere tourist bait, and the photogenic and ubiquitous Dyan Cannon is also hanging around for no conceivable reason (well, hardly any!). For once the dubbing is pretty good, but one could wish for some brighter dialogue. All in all, a cracking good suspense film with Sharif generating tones of evil sophistication.

On the other hand, ENDLESS NIGHT (Savoy 2) does not succeed at its own level. It is based on an unusual Agatha Christie novel, a Cinderella-in-reverse mood piece rather than a story of detection, but in the hands of the Gilliat and Launder team the film ends up as pretentious rubbish. The hero is Michael (Hywel Bennett), a day-dreaming layabout who works for a car hire firm, but whom we see bidding at Christie's for a Renoir! After a soujourn in Italy and Amsterdam, Michael's dreams come true: he meets—you'll never guess—the sixth richest girl in the world (Hayley Mills), who promptly marries him and builds for him in the Home Counties the kind of mansion that his environmental heart always dreamed of!

But shadows move across the sylvan lawns when the vultures gather in the persons of Britt Ekland and Patience Collier, and I don't think that I shall be "divulging the denouement" if I say that the film ends just as preposterously as it begins, with the inexplicable loose ends that may possibly be the result of haphazard cutting. There is the usual complement of rustic eccentrics, a surf-deafening score from Bernard Herrman, and lack-lustre performances all round except for a vintage (and sadly final) appearance from George Sanders as a debonair lawyer.

Dyan Cannon turns up again in Otto Preminger's SUCH GOOD FRIENDS (New Metropole). The running feud between the star and her director has been well publicised, as has her indignant protest at Preminger's superimposing her head on the nude torso of another girl, climaxing in the Cannon's answering roar that, as far as she was concerned, Preminger couldn't direct his little nephew to the bathroom. The film that has caused all this brouhaha is, in fact, the best we have had from Preminger for some time—he has had a bad run in recent years. And let it be said that he has succeeded in extracting or cajoling her best performance to date from Dyan Cannon who, thus far, has shown little talent for sex comedy.

She plays Julie, a smugly domesticated housewife in New York, married to an art magazine editor whose life, she thinks, is completely centred on her. The husband goes to hospital to have a mole on his neck removed, but due to increasing medical bungling, he is soon on his way to the mortuary. While he is ill, Julie comes across a diary in which the husband had recorded his amorous indiscretions, mostly with Julie's women friends. In revenge Julie embarks on a course of seduction with the husband's male buddies, and at the end, as her husband is dying, this unwitting monster magnanimously forgives her!

With coarse manic exuberance Preminger mixes in a black comedy about the ineptness of the medical profession with a sour satire on New York's amoral sophisticated society that is both frivolous and vulgar, also mixing farcical interludes with cruelly funny sequences. The screenplay is credited to Esther Dale, which, we are told, is but a pseudonym for Elaine May.

The dividing line between movies for cinemas and television films is getting more and more blurred. These days, a successful Don Siegel cops-and-robbers feature "Madigan," which in the past would certainly have spawned a number of sequels, instead becomes a television series. On the other hand, a superior television programme, My World and Welcome To It—a situation comedy series about the tribulations of a misogynistic bachelor cartoonist who resembled the late James Thurber — now turns up (at Adelphi 3) as a film, THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

Hayley Mills, who appears in Endless Night (Savoy 2).

Director Melville Shavelson has heightened the resemblance to Thurber by having the cartoonist going blind, and by incorporating cartoon inserts from the original Thurber material. Jack Lemmon is the cartoonist, a chronic bachelor, who hates animals, children and the married state with equal vehemence, that is, until he meets up with a young divorcee with three children and a pregnant pup. This kind of situation is ideal for Jack Lemmon's harassed style of comedy, and there are performances of both dept and edge from Barbara Harris and Jason Robards in a film that has unusual warmth and bright flashes of originality.

Arts Festival

THE IDEA of centring last year's **Dublin Arts Festival** around an historical area proved so successful that the organisers of this year's festival —The Fourth—which will run March 9th-March 18th, have chosen the **Old North City** of Dublin as location for Festival events. Within this area are some of Dublin's most famous landmarks — St. Michan's Church, St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's Abbey, King's Inn and the Four Courts. All events will be staged in these buildings and in this way it is hoped to blend art and history and to recreate the past through the present. Musical events planned include **Garrick Ohlsson** (pianoforte) playing Bach-Busoni, Chopin and Brahms in St. Mary's Church; **Juan Martin** (flamenco guitarist); Concert of Medieval and Renaissance Music by the **Consort of St. Sepulchre's** in St. Michan's Church; **John O'Sullivan** (harpsichord) playing Bach; Goldberg Variations in St. Michan's Church; The **New Irish Chamber Orchestra** in St. Mary's Church; A concert of music by young Irish Composers in St. Marys Church. Other musical entertainments include "Your Concert Joyce," an entertainment with **Ann Makower** and **Bill Golding;** a Jazz Concert and a concert of Irish Traditional Music on St. Patrick's Night.

Lectures abound, all explanatory of the Old Dublin Area. Exhibitions (all to be staged in the Festival Area) will include photographs of the Sculpture and Carvings of the Old North City by **Jonathan Harsch; Micheal MacLiammoir's** stage and set designs 1917-1972; Drawings of the Old North City by **Michael O'Brien;** paintings by **Louisa Maxwell** and Irish Cartoons presented by the University Philosophical Society, Trinity College.

There will be five lunchtime poetry readings featuring **Eilean Ni Chuilleanain, Macdara Woods, Hayden Murphy** and **Peter Fallon.**

Drama will include productions of "The Three Penny Opera" (Beretolt Breacht) by **Strand Players;** "A Patriot For Me" (John Osborne) by **U.C.D. Drama Society;** "The Trial of Lenny Bruce" (Chris Meehan), an adaptation of Ibsen's "Dance of Death," both presented by the **Trinity Players;** and Pinter's "A Slight Ache" by the **Four-in-One Players.**

The organisers appeal to anyone who is interested in becoming involved to contact them at the festival office, 51 Dawson Street, Dublin 2. Tel. 47733.

Denouement

WATCH OUT for some questions in the Dail about **George Colley's** other theatre interest, which he inherited from Haughey. After two years as a subsidised theatre, there can hardly be anyone fully satisfied with the Gate Theatre's achievements. Apart from my criticisms made in the last issue (the main one being that a single play has been running for four months in what was intended as a six play/six month repertory season), the whole question of outside companies requires further examination. Who is entitled to stage plays for the other six months of the year, what kind of repertoire should be encouraged, and, most crucial, what are the artistic and financial agreements between outside companies and the Gate's management company? I presume there was some form of document drawn up when George agreed to pay out £30,000 of our money each year; perhaps at this stage he might consider publishing it.

Directors in Town

TWO internationally-known film and theatre directors will be working in Dublin in the near future. **Michael Cocoyonnis,** of "Zorba the Greek" fame, will be starting rehearsals at the Abbey for Yeats's "Oedipus" on February 27. Perhaps **Lelia Doolan** might consider arranging some open rehearsals for those interested? American **Joe Strick,** undaunted by the fact that his film of "Ulysses" has still not been allowed a public showing here, plans a film of Joyce's "Portrait of an Artist." He might do well to consult with two of the writers on these pages — **Hugh Leonard,** of course, wrote the stage version of "Stephen D" and **Mary Fanning** the screenplay of **Mary Ellen Bute's** film, "Finnegans Wake," as well as her stage play, "Voice of Shem."

Second National Theatre

Usually, any and every delay in the organisation of Arts sponsorship can safely be laid at the feet of the Government (any Government), but the delay in establishing the long-promised "second National Theatre Company" (do we really have a first?) appears to be an exception. The Department of Finance had over £50,000 set aside for the project a full twelve months ago, but as yet the two main interested parties, Irish Actors' Equity and a consortium of theatre people, which includes **Brendan Smith, Phyllis Ryan** and **Fred O'Donovan,** have not agreed on final plans. Certainly, such a scheme should not be rushed, but given the high rate of unemployment among the acting profession, two years seems an inordinately long time to spend. However, I don't think we'll have to wait much longer than the beginning of March to hear **George Colley's** new master plan for Irish Theatre and to witness his emergence as a Medici-figure in the mould of his predecessor, **C. J. Haughey.**

Community Art

Last June, the **Arts Council of Northern Ireland** launched an "art in context" competition, the purpose of which was to encourage the extension of Art into the Environment. Artists from all Ireland were invited to present projects and of the 130 projects submitted, the three judges drew up a short list of 21 artists who have been invited to submit more detailed plans for their particular project. Artists on the short list are **Oisin Kelly, Gerda Fromel, Edward Delaney, Cecil King, Barrie Cooke** and **Erik Van der Grijn.**

Next June, the judges will make a final selection of 10 projects which will then be realised on locations already chosen. £500 will be made available to each artist for material and another £500 will be paid as a fee when the project is completed.

The Council has been farsighted to realise the necessity of communal Art works. Nothing of the sort has been undertaken in the Twenty-Six Counties. But perhaps our Arts Council, when it admires the success of its Northern colleague, might be tempted to devise some action for such a scheme here.

Sales Figures

Sales figures for the first edition of the **Arts in Ireland** have just come to my notice. The magazine, which retails at the unusually high price of £1, sold 1,000 copies in Ireland alone. Subscriptions from abroad (mostly from the U.S.) numbered 3,500 and a further $3,000 was made available in donations to distribute another 2,000 copies to schools and colleges. An exclusive article by **Ted Kennedy** will appear in the next issue.

Economy Drive

R.T.E. are not only printing everything in Irish, but sideways as well, on the assumption that all the public can read like a sub-editor. The new tasteful gun-metal grey brochure of the coming events tells us bilingually that **Proinsios O Duinn** will conduct two concerts in March. Astonishingly, nobody at all will apparently be on The Box in the Gaiety on 18th Mairt to steer **Boydell's** Mahatma Gandhi and Sibelius I to a safe and tuneful conclusion. Oddly enough also Prokoffiev's Violin Concerto will have no soloist - - - presumably there will be an orchestra, or is this exercise in economy to pay for the translation and printing services?

The Harp that once . . .

MUSIC
Fanny Feehan

QUADROPHONIC SOUND is all very well in its way and it will be upon us quite soon; but I doubt the wisdom of trying it out in the Gaiety with the RTESO as guineapigs and the audience stupified because they are hearing things in Tchaikovsky's *Fourth Symphony* that in their wildest dreams they never even supposed existed. It is not my place to tell them that they could hear all those things anyway if only they were listening properly.

Proinsios O Duinn is a brilliant young man and nobody would blame him for trying to get the very best out of the RTESO but in the matter of the 4th Symphony to endeavour to show the less-lively minded how to suck eggs is rather daring. What may sound very well indeed on a gramophone record will sound askew in a theatre such as the Gaiety. Mr. O Duinn uses seating for the orchestra which is favoured by Stokowski. He puts the violas on the outside right with wood-wind inside them and has the double basses (*Dordanna*) behind the first violins with cellos in the middle. The result is that you hear the flutes in very high perspective while the cellos sound muted, and the viola tone floats up to the bells of the french horns. *Leonora 3* was exciting but rather strange. The easiest example to give of the effect which this new seating arrangement has on the balance is in the important chromatic scale which limps laboriously towards the recapitulation; the upper strings were unduly prominent instead of all sections being equal.

Mr. O Duinn likes the trumpet call to be very fast. Possibly he feels an urgency and impatience in them and in this he could well be right, but Beethoven is not a man to underestimate and the very notation rhythm of the calls gives a feeling of impatience without the need to hurry the tempo. No composer had a better view of the architecture and scheme of a work; a conductor therefore indulges his own fancy at his peril.

Liszt is always good for a laugh and Totentanz with John Ogdon 'doing his nut' as that horrible phrase has it produced a thrill a minute. If only Liszt had had the sardonic villainous humour of Satie what a marvel Totentanz would have been. Nevertheless it showed Bartok what to do with several percussion instruments. Some of the faults of the first Gaiety concert were due I think to the infrequent appearance of O Duinn before an orchestra. I am glad to see by the new brochures that RTE is to make much more use of this young man.

Also in the first week of January we had the first performance of Gerard Victory's Concerto for Harp and Orchestra in which the soloist was Una O Donovan. If a complaint could be made about Victory it is that he is too prolific for his own good. He seems to be able to turn his hand to anything. Serial, post-Stravinsky, pseudo-Prokofien, neoclassical—it is all on tap. If he would stop composing for a year and take a good hard look at what he has done it might pay off in the end.

The Harp Concerto however is a milestone, and in its way it was an eye-opener. It is economical and very well constructed and full of rhythmic and tonal interest. The harp in itself is not an intrinsically exciting instrument and there is a limit to what it can do in the way of dynamics and colour. It is therefore to Victory's credit that he took it out of is usual glossy waffling and dithering, and actually gave it something sensible to do in the general scheme.

Victory was lucky in his soloist. Miss O Donovan is a self-effacing but brilliant interpreter, and she and Andre Prieur established a good working relationship. The work posed many problems for them because while it is in the chamber context and literature, nevertheless it is a very brilliant vehicle and demands of both soloist and conductor attention to details of tone and timbre. A selfish extrovert could play hell with it.

Balint Vasonyi gave the first recital of the year at the RDS and left one wondering how a pupil of Annie Fischer could deal so cavalierly with Beethoven's *Opus 10 No. 3*. In his playing of the final Rondo of the sonata he showed that had he felt so inclined he could have done more than justice to the whole work. I have since learned however that he was so distracted by the restlessness and coughing of the most unmannerly audience in the world that he was completely put off his stroke.

I have just come from the celebration by Ceoil Cumann na nOg of their Twenty-first Birthday. The RDS was packed with school-children all waiting patiently for the music to start. The RTESO were assembled with Eimear O Broin to conduct them, and in his opening remarks Mr. O Broin astonished me (and no doubt the children also) by remarking on the courageous qualities of Sir Robert and Lady Mayer in sponsoring music in England and in this country. Courage is a word which should not have to be used in connection with any of the arts and while I know what Mr. O Broin meant, the whole ludicrous attitude to the arts in Ireland made sense. They are seen I think even by those who practice them as something dangerous, and if children get this into their heads early enough then they are going to opt for something safe, and it won't be music.

This was the first Schools Concert that I have attended since I was a member of the orchestra myself, and not to put a tooth in it I was appalled. The desultory careless playing of the RTESO was a far cry from the interest that the orchestra used to take in these concerts. Mr. O Broin's explanatory remarks were probably alright, but none of the children in my vicinity showed even the smallest interest, and continued thumping one another, kicking those in front, chewing gum, and giggling. One teacher had a lovely snooze. The worst aspect was that the organisers kept walking in and out all the time while the music was being played, and if that is showing young people how to behave at a concert then why complain about the establishment types at the RDS recitals.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor

Terry Kelleher

records

ACTORS DON'T charge the public money to attend rehearsal: movie director's don't put out rough cuts of their films and journalists don't (or shouldn't) publish unfinished copy so why should pop singers get away with unfinished work? There is something so offensively false about the coughs, grunts and engineers' sniggers of satisfaction which are finding their way with increasing frequency onto albums these days. Offensive because it often ruins a good track, offensive because coughs and sniggers can hardly be anyone's idea of entertainment, but most of all offensive because it displays the incredible ego of those responsible. Having spent hundreds of hours in a recording studio, they actually decide to leave such nonsense on the finished product. Such thoughts occur having listened to **Neil Young's** 'Journey Through The Past' and that's all I have to say about that one.

While there are no such unpleasant diversions on the new one from James Taylor, **One Man Dog (W.B. K46185)**, nevertheless the collection of eighteen songs ,recorded at three different songs, recorded at three different venues by three different producers (including Peter Asher) does have that unsatisfactory unfinished impression about it. Which is a great pity because vocally Taylor, with a more varied and lighter touch has never sounded better, and for once his lyrics lack their customary pretentionsness. For a start though, the listing of eighteen separate tracks is a bit of a con: some last less than thirty seconds and by the time you have read on the lyric sheet that "the opinions expressed in this song are not necessarily those of the supporting musicians and background vocalists", the offending track is pleasant little ditty called 'Mescalito' — Mescalito has opened up my eyes and set my mind at ease—is long since over and we're into another. I'm glad though that Taylor accommodated his musicians dissenting voice on drug use, because they certainly accommodate him throughout, and it is only the excellence of their vast range of instrumental expertise which gives any cohesion to the album. He opens well with 'One Man Parade' a subtle bossa nova tune, and follows it with the very pleasing 'Nobody But You', but then the album goes into sharp decline. 'Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight' is a good sad love song and a couple of the instrumentals if developed, could amount to something, but for the rest they are mere suggestions or approaches to songs and themes. Laziness? Boredom? Who knows but perhaps in the setting of his own home where half the album was recorded, surrounded by his court of admirers, relatives and friends, Carole King, Carly Simons, Linda Ronstadt, etc., he figured he needn't exert himself. He's better think again.

His wife, Carly Simons, promises less—just ten songs—but delivers a good deal more, songs which are carefully-worked, well-rounded and pleasantly relaxed and tuneful. Even if she was just another Carole King that would be quite acceptable, but in fact her voice is purer and more varied though less strong than Kings, and though her album **No Secrets (Elektra K42127)** can't match Kings incomparable 'Tapestry' it is very impressive nonetheless. It's aptly titled since most of the songs are frankly confessional though surprisingly unselfconscious in nature, expressing jealousies, fears, loves and regrets. She writes six of the songs herself including the hit single. 'You're So Vain', there is James Taylor's 'Nightowl', but the highlight of the album are two joint compositions written with Jacob Brackman. Both are songs of regret, 'The Carter Family', regretting past relationships not valued at the time, and 'It Was So Easy' which regrets 'never taking any stands/never making any plans/holding hands without a plan', a beautiful lilting ballad. I look forward to her next album with confident anticipation.

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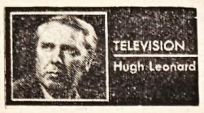
From Siblings to Spongers



"ASH WEDNESDAY is the Wednesday before Christmas —true or false?" This was a typical brain-twister from *Quiz Around the Clock:* a fiendish fifteen minutes dedicated to the proposition that teen-aged children are slavering morons who, as they grow older, may improve to the degree of ignorance which will qualify them as competitors on *Cross-Country Quiz*. It is blush-making to compare the standard of questions on this programme with those on the BBC's *Top of the Form*, and equally dismaying that this daily babble of infantilism is —apart from *Aillio*, which I hope to come to grips with soon—RTE's only entertainment for children of the post-dribbling age. Someone might at least reflect that today's siblings are tomorrow's TV spongers.

An ideal programme for children is *The Onedin Line*, cunningly transmitted at 10.30 p.m. The hero is an engaging swine, the setting is Liverpool in the 1860s, and mainbraces are spliced, helms ported and timbers shivered with fruity abandon. True, the *ingenue* gets herself pregnant by bluff Dan'l Fogarty and fobs off the consequences on posh Albert Fraser, but there isn't a *foetus* in a jam-jar in sight. The sailing-ships are magnificent, even if storms rage across clear blue skies, and typhoid, scurvy, blockade-running, ship-scuttling and loose women lie ahead of us in the weeks to come. After twenty episodes or so, all square riggers — like Gardai— begin to look alike, however; and one hopes that RTE, unlike the BBC, will cry quits once Anne Onedin departs for the Breakers' Yard in the Sky.

Two other new series are *The Partners* and *Sez Les*. In the former, Don Adams, who elevated *Get Smart* to a sustained level of surrealistic idiocy, is harnessed to a co-star who, because he is coloured is not permitted to appear stupid, and under his glum weight the series sinks like one of Anna McGoldrick's high notes. *Sez Les* reminds one of a Theatre Royal variety show *circa* 1940: you almost expect to see May Devitt, attired in a kimono against a backdrop of an erupting Sugar Loaf, singing *One Fine Day* in the teeth of orchestral opposition. Antique sketches vie with delinquent vocalists in punishing us for being up so late, and in fact there are only three objects on view to keep us from our beds: two of these being Miss Jenny Lee Wright, and the third, Mr. Dawson himself. Shaped like a Chambertin bottle with goitre, he hates the world and, probably, us. His life is a disaster, and fast disimproving; his jokes — single *entendres*, all — are domestic tragedies: he will probably shoot himself after the show. One wishes several of his guest stars no less a fate.

A few weeks ago, I am told, Cathal O'Shannon presented a deplorable *aventgarde* film clip on *Tangents* with the comment that it was the kind of highbrow stuff to which Ken Gray and myself are partial. If it was anything like the *Scope* profile of Gerard Manley Hopkins, then Mr. O'Shannon will have a stiff letter from my solicitor as soon as she comes off her beat. This was almost a parody of its *genre:* what seemed like random clips of meadow-grass, maggots and Georgian doorways were wedded to commentary in a kind of stream of unconsciousness. Had the film been about Edna O'Brien, at least half of the visual material could have been employed, in the same sequence and with just as much relevance. The marathon Italian profile of Da Vinci at least knows something about art, if not about artists: all those glittering Renaissance brocades, scrubbed faces and spotless marble floors cannot approach the grubby truth of Pasolini's *Decameron*.

The Late Late Show last week began with five apathetic lions being prodded, ridden on and otherwise tormented (I confess to the belief that there are enough fools in the world without the necessity for our dragging animals down to their level), and these were followed by a lady known simply as Murphy who has a voice designed by the Creator for the purpose of augmenting grief at wakes. The main course was a worthy, if listless, discussion of suburban planning — or, more accurately, the lack of it — which made for a dull evening, and Mr. Byrne, untypically, was suffering from an attack of fallen archness.

Tangents continues to model itself increasingly on the BBC's *Nationwide*, which is no harm at all, and the programme about thalidomide was a model of its kind, even if Mr. O'Shannon quailed visibly as the allegations of governmental turpitude rained down. One applauds also Mr. Hodnett's *moments musicales:* the programme in which that gentleman was caught by the camera a split second *before* he flung himself into a pose of devil-may-care insouciance made at least one viewer's evening.

Finally, a disquieting thought. It may be due to budgetary considerations that nearly every RTE-produced programme consists of gentlemen regarding us earnestly from behind desks, their lower halves out of view, My interest is purely academic, but it is beyond dispute that we have not seen the nether sections of Messrs. O'Shannon, O'Donoghue, Hall, Cleeve and Mitchell for some years now. I mean, God send that the lads are all there, but one must never take an RTE economy-cut for granted.

Too Few Voices For Too Many Parts

ANOTHER RTE radio thriller has panted, screamed, and with a screech of brakes come to a halt. *Dead Silence* engaged an instantly forgettable bunch of characters in a story so unsuited to radio that twice one character was obliged to describe the thrilling scene from the window to another character who was, quite unaccountably, able to resist the temptation to look for himself. Perhaps it is inevitable that the Drama Department treats this kind of script with the scant attention it deserves: under-rehearsing it so that at least one actor in each episode reads a line as if he didn't know what was coming at the end of it, and conniving at technical casualness, accepting any tape of a car stopping, regardless of whether the actors are supposed to be inside or out of it, and never mind if the attempts to suggest physical distance between speakers give palatial impressions of terraced houses and diminutive measurements to limitless ceiling space.

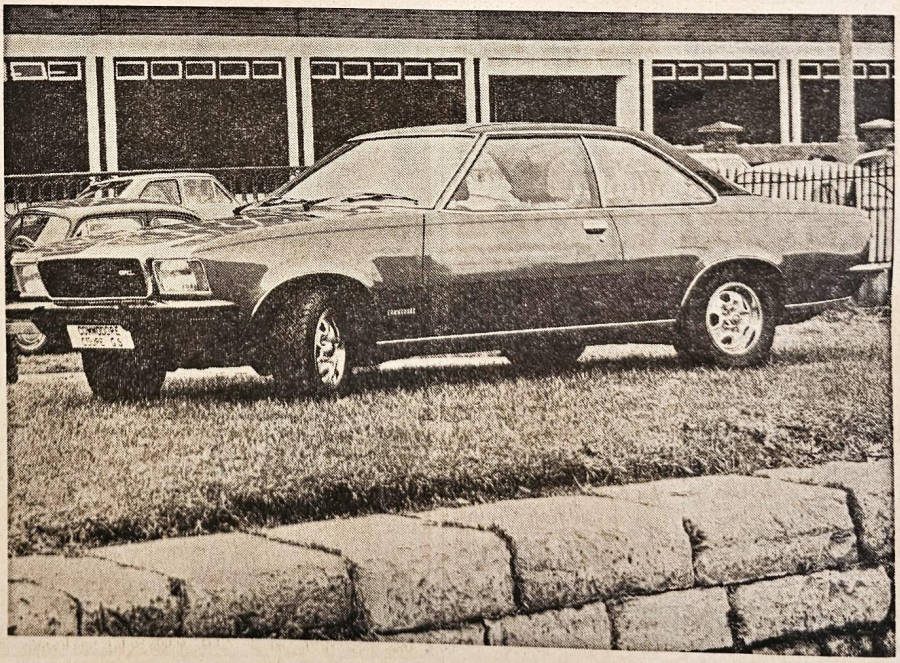
The Drama Department doesn't always operate as if it expected the audial equivalent of the collapse of the scenery, and all credit to them for placating such a range of tastes with the Friday night plays. The RTE Players, the civil service of the acting profession, usually display standards of competent versatility, but there are limits to how competent and versatile a small company can be, when expected to turn in four or five separate performances every week. Distinctive voices are obviously a disadvantage under these circumstances, so it is best to think of Aidan Grennell as the "Woolmark" of the Players, and merely to wonder at the gravelly depths from which his voice is excavated as he crepitates sonorously through Episode 20 of *The Good Companions*. And if casting sometimes has to be done by availability rather than suitability, well, the end result is usually received with the good-natured tolerance reserved for native effort in the broadcasting media, and it just can't be helped if standards aren't quite as high as they might be.

But then there's that other serial: *The Kennedys of Castlerosse* have, of course, been dead for several years, and now that this has been made official, and we have only another month of morbid vicariousness, watching the laying out of the corpses, most of the obituaries have implicitly ratified R.T.E.'s decision by harping not on the quality of the serial as entertainment for the million or so people who listen (or do not turn it off) every day, but on the fate of the freelance cast. This concern would be thoroughly justified if it were concentrated on the alarming prospect of a herd of familiar Kennedy voices being loosed on the arid plains of radio advertising, but it centred, instead, on the assumption that the national radio service should exist to supply relief work for the boys. There is a case for a larger pool of freelance actors, more guest leads and greater flexibility in the composition of the Players, but it is not put forward to prevent a trail of indigent actors to England, rather to invigorate the quality of R.T.E. radio drama. Hopefully, it is considerations of this kind that will govern the final decision about the casting of the Kennedy's successor.

EUROPEL

What a tremendous and exciting difference going into Europe should make to us all. Expansion! Opportunity! Prosperity! Our link-up with the Continent is rather like Opel's joining with General Motors—the world's biggest in the Motor business. From being one of the smaller producers in the Twenties, Opel, thanks to this link with Detroit, has expanded right up to being one of the leaders in Europe in the Seventies! And yet, Opel has not forfeited any of its own distinctive individuality. Of course, we Irish, too, cherish our character and individuality and although we'll see vast progress and change due to our link with Europe, we will still retain our unique heritage.

OPEL IN IRELAND THROUGH OPEL GM REG ARMSTRONG MOTORS LIMITED



FINANCE PROPERTY ECONOMICS

Public Enterprise

TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, there has been no government statement on its attitude to the development of semi-state bodies since the present administration took office in November 1966. Each State company apparently goes its own way; some aggressively others regressively. It can be said without fear of contradiction, that no single principle or policy can be discerned in their activities, and no definable objective (other than to keep the ship afloat) is common to their existence. The conflict between paternalism and profit-making is unresolved even in the commercial companies, and Gaeltarra Eireann is the latest victim of this confusion.

Statements of government policy on the overall approach to semi-state commercial undertakings are few and far between. In the first programme for Economic Expansion (1958) it was stated that "the State would not enter any industrial field except where development was required in the national interest and private enterprise had not taken the initiative". In the second programme (1963) it was claimed that "government policy will continue to encourage, and assist state bodies to diversify their activities". Another principle enunciated at that time was that "the government accept in principle that the public should be afforded further opportunities of participation in the share capital of these bodies". The third programme (1969), which failed in many other respects failed also to even mention matters of policy in relation to the semi-state bodies.

All this is relevant to the following extraordinary statement which appeared in the recent chairman's address of Gaeltarra Eireann, and which aroused not a single comment viz. "The unsuitability of a state Board to run tweed, knitwear, toys and plastic factories in a free market became painfully clear. A State Board whose primary objective is to give employment cannot go out of business even when the market rejects what *it manufactures. The* consequence is financial loss".

One might gather from this statement, that Gaeltarra's problems have been marketing rather than production ones. When the "market rejects what is manufactured", the normal answer is to fire the marketing manager. That would be the usual reaction in private enterprise—but so too would it be in any other company where the state is successfully involved in direct manufacturing—as with Regie Renault in France, for instance. Elsewhere, however, the chairman has referred to local employment difficulties and "the reluctance to exchange a complex pattern of family subsistence for a straight-forward factory wage", and one gathers that marketing what was manufactured was never the real problem at all.

But several questions remain unanswered. If the Gaeltarra management was unable to adapt local customs and mores to the discipline of industrial employment, why should it expect the new industries, which it is now under-writing in the same area, to do any better? Secondly, is not the commercial side of Gaeltarra's new function (the total cultural endeavour is to be revamped in the proposed Udaras na Gaeltachta) simply a duplication of the I.D.A.'s effort, and would it not be better operated as a special department of the I.D.A.? In effect Gaeltarra's decision has been to opt out of management, and direct responsibility altogether. It is about to become a mini-I.D.A., or an Irish-speaking S.F.A.D.C.O. It will distribute investment grants in the Gaeltacht areas to entrepreneurs or take part-investments itself. But it will be comfortably removed from the hot seat of direct responsibility and management.

Probably the only really successful state-owned company operating in this country is the Irish Life Assurance Company—and the reason for its success is that it unashamedly competes on strictly business terms and with the minimum of government interference. Anything less is a sham and a cover for the inefficiencies of management and workers alike. The pity is that Gaeltarra failed to realise this. Its demise—in its old form—is a blow to the whole concept of public enterprise.

The Financial Editor

Left to right: Mr. Hugh Duffy, Mr. Bill Murray and Mr. Geoffrey Wilson.

Modesty Braids

A Special Correspondent

ON THEIR performance to date, the Dunkeld trio, Bill Murray, Hugh Duffy and Geoffrey Wilson appear to be a much more conservative (perhaps cautious would be a better word) group than the other small operators on the Irish market. The actual structure of Dunkeld itself was set up in such a way that there was practically no risk whatsoever involved by the trio. Through M.D. Investments they held only 55% of Dunkeld Holdings with the other 45% being given to Irish Life Assurance. Of the £232,500 cash ploughed into Braids, however, only a relatively tiny £27,500 was put up by the worthy trio with Irish Life forking into its pocket for the balance. This occurred because the issued capital of Dunkeld was only £50,000 and Irish Life had agreed to lend up to £1 million. But the Dunkeld trio opted for even further security by bringing in the Allied Irish Investment Bank as shareholders in Dunkeld. The A.I.I.B. was issued 4,054 new shares to give it a 7½% stake for £35,000. However, the pro rata valuation of these shares was over £100,000 at that time, which is an indication of the kind of money that the trio were prepared to part with in return for even greater security and a new source of credit, as well.

Once it had Braids under its arm, however, Dunkeld was relatively slow in getting the whole operation off the ground. It was three months before Braids was to announce its first take-over, which when it came was more like a damp squib than anything else. It involved the acquisition of a quayside Haberdashery, S. Weinrib Ltd., hardly a momentous move. Stokes & McKiernan, a better known and more substantial Limerick wholesale electrical business, was taken over at the same time. A month after these acquisitions Braids put in an offer for the ailing handbag firm, Freedex Ltd. This was its most significant move and appeared to indicate that the Company was prepared to broaden its horizon into wider and perhaps even more substantial fields. Within another month two further acquisitions had been made, namely MacDonagh & Boland, the insurance brokers, and G.W.I., the Sligo joinery firm. It looked like Braids was ready to take off but that was over four months ago and not another word has been heard since.

Despite their ultra-cautious approach to risk-taking on their own account which presumably is projected by Dunkeld into Braids, Murray & Co. do appear to be making a reasonably good job of controlling the enlarged Braids set-up. In the financial year ending September 30th Braids itself showed some recovery with profits up 7% to £33,000. Its turnover, which was disclosed for the first time, was £600,000 in 1971 and about £660,000 last year. Its profit margins are thus about 5% against figures of approaching 10% achieved by the company in 1965. A development programme aimed at increasing productivity and pushing sales in the export market would appear to give some credibility to the re-establishment of the higher margins.

S. Weinrib achieved a very creditable performance in its past year. In 1971 it turned in a profit of £27,000 on a turnover of £221,000. But in the nine months to September 1972 it was able to contribute £34,000 which annualised would come out at £45,000 to show an adjusted increase of 65%. Before its takeover it had a negligible trade with Braids but this is gradually increasing to the benefit of both companies. On the basis of its takeover price of £230,000 which includes a deferred item of £50,000, Weinrib is thus showing a near 20% return which well makes up for its lack of assets.

Stokes and McKiernan is a much larger operation, with a turnover of £1½ million. It is based in Limerick, and trades in wholesale and retail electrical goods with a small subsidiary, Riplex Manufacturing Co., Ltd., which manufactures car seat covers and has a retail sports goods outlet in Limerick. On the motor factoring side its interests spread to Dublin, where it operates Joyce and Brady, Ltd., in Ringsend. On the wholesale electrical side it has a half share in a rapidly-expanding cash and carry operation in Dublin, Cresto Electrical Ltd. While it appeared that the company was paying quite dearly for this purchase at £60,000, which includes a deferred item of £107,000, to show a return of 10½% on the £27,000 earned in 1971-'72, the fact that its profits are expected to rise to £40,000 this year to show a return of 15%, together with its substantial asset backing, which nearly matches the purchase price, makes this also a successful purchase, which the appointment of a Financial Director should help to maintain.

The largest acquisition made was the loss-making Freedex. However, Bill Murray, who had previously done a consulting job in the company, should know what he is about. Breaking down this group into its major component parts shows the kind of potential that there is here. Universal Leather Goods, which makes synthetic non-fashion handbags for middle-aged women enjoys a stable market and sales of £¾ million, which have been growing steadily and is currently earning profits of £60,000. T. H. Bushell (Bath), Ltd., is a smaller operation, but also operates in a reasonably stable market, making sewing machine cases and trunks, split fifty-fifty. Sales are £½ million, and profits around £20,000. These two companies, however, only represent half the Freedex Group. The rest is mainly represented by the Freedex operation in Dublin, which makes synthetic fashion handbags, with over 80% of output exported to the U.K. Last year this company turned in a loss of about £10,000, that is, before group overheads which were running at £30,000 are deducted (these have since been eliminated). Sales of this company are running at about £1 million. It is interesting to note that when Fredex originally went public it was earning substantial profits, and shortly afterwards topped the £100,000 level with lower sales figures. Universal Leather Goods and Bushell were both taken over after these figures had been achieved by Freedex on its own. So, if the boys can achieve anything like its previous figures they have picked up an absolute bargain.

The other take-over, MacDonagh and Boland, has also turned in an excellent performance since it was taken over. Its profits were running at £66,000 in 1971, but in the last year rose to close on £90,000 to show a return of nearly 20% on the purchase price of £480,000, which includes a deferred item of £45,000. G.W.I., which was bought for £550,000, including a deferred item of £125,000, pushed up its profits in the past year by 25% to an annual rate of £100,000. A new general manager and production and finance directors have since been appointed to its board, considerably strengthening its management. This should also help to ensure that the expansion in system buildings should go quite smoothly. The return earned on this purchase should also work out at near 20%.

So, overall, the existing companies in the Braids group appear to be all fairly soundly based and have viable futures. On the basis of Braids' own profit forecast of £386,000, Braids' shares are thus currently on an earnings yield basis of 7%. However, this fairly attractive figure has to be considered against the fact that when account is taken of the additional consideration of close on £300,000 of deferred items which are not entered in the group's balance sheet, that the asset backing per share (assets were revalued last year) falls to just under 4p. As this represents only 5% of the current share price of 75p, one can obviously see the dangers; but they are nothing like those involved in some of the other operations.

...Around The City With Moneybags...

Holding Companies

GADS, I'm sorry to have missed young **Michael Smurfit's** performance at the C.I.I.'s National Economic Conference last week when he tore strips off old **Doc Whitaker.** Young Michael was in full flight in praise of the emergence of industrial holding companies on the Irish scene. They have "sparked off a dynamic in management thinking": they will "give a fresh impetus to our economy": they will "offer the best protection against foreign takeover of our traditional concerns": and "in many cases they have injected a new vitality to long-established firms that were stagnant and faced with decline".

The crack at Doc Whitaker came earlier when the bold Michael "regretted that **one** who had charted much of the course of our industrial development since the fifties should adopt a view of these companies which is rather narrow". I know not how the Governor of the Central Bank reacted to young Michael's admonishments, but I imagine that he would at least question some of the more extravagant claims on behalf of these holding companies. For instance is it really true to say that they offer the best protection against foreign takeover? I think not. In the first place, these operations are founded through 'foreign' banks (Westminster Bank, Norwich Union, etc.) and secondly, wrapped up in a single package a group of Irish companies must be far more susceptible to foreign take-over than a string of separate provincial businesses. And have they really added new vitality to stagnant companies? With the possible exception of Freedex, the common denominator of all the companies acquired by Braids, Crowe-Wilson, Watson or Pembroke is surely that they are trouble-free and very profitable?

No, I don't think that the industrial holding companies have earned the particular plaudits attributed to them by young Michael—at least not yet. What is not in doubt however, is that their promotions have earned enormous personal tax-free fortunes — the point which, I think, was Mr. Whitaker's main concern.

Life Ownership

MAY I RECOMMEND an interesting thesis to some business / economics student? Take the known cost flow of the Irish Life Assurance. Correlate it to the estimate trend of capital formation in this country. Establish, at what date Irish Life will have taken effective control of every Irish public company Q.E.D.

The Irish Life purchase into 25% of U.D.T. in Ireland will give them yet another line to the small business element. The major property development on the old Brooks Thomas site announced at almost the same time, was a reminder of the importance of their stake in property. But the discovery that they held 35,000 of the 88,000 issued ordinary shares in Barrow Milling (which is now to acquire certain assets owned by **Conor McCarthy's** Pembroke Investments Ltd.) was a real eye-opener to the extent of their penetration into Irish industry. The irony here, of course, is that Norwich Union is one of Pembroke's principal backers.

The other major shareholder in Barrow was my old friend Michael Wall, who holds, I believe, 46,000 shares. Regrettably, he has been in bad health, and his power of attorney will be exercised on his behalf by **Robt. McDonnell,** who is new chairman of Barrow.

Dubtex: The True Facts

IT HAS TAKEN much digging, some speculation and a lot of prompting to get at the true facts behind Dubtex's involvement in Balman Clothing. Two issues ago I suggested that Foir Teoranta had been the unnamed source of long term finance for Balman. **John White,** Dubtex's chairman, subsequently wrote into us confirming that Foir Teo was, in fact, the institution involved. Having squeezed this confirmation out of Dubtex's chairman, I was more than intrigued by the further information which he provided, namely that "this (the Foir Teo loan) has in no way released us of our responsibility to guarantee Foir Teoranta, rather than our bankers, for the financing of Balman," and that "we can assure you we have made no tricky manouevre whatsoever to exclude ourselves from any financial responsibility for Balman." As the Companies' Act requires that any such liability must be shown as a note in a company's balance sheet, and as no such mention was made in the Dubtex accounts there appeared to be a question of negligence by the company's auditors, Kennedy Crowley, in not providing any such statement.

I didn't expect young **Niall Crowley** to remain silent after I had opened up this possibility in our last issue. He has since confirmed that Dubtex were, in fact, under no liability to Balman's bankers as at December 31, 1971, because the liability was personally underwritten by members of the White family.

I don't know **John White** personally, but I doubt that he enjoys embracing personal liabilities any more than the many chairmen I do know. So what, I wondered to myself, was the thinking behind this manoeuvre?

There is no doubt what it has done for Dubtex. It has lifted the liability of £40,000 against the Balman overdraft. And as Dubtex's £10,000 investment of 50% in Balman has now been written off, the Dubtex P. and L. account was not obiliged to include the attributable loss of £13,315 from Balman in the year ended December 1971.

But where exactly Foir Teoranta stands in all this, is what I would next like to find out.

Goodwill

THE TREATMENT of goodwill, especially that arising on consolidation of takeovers is one aspect of accounting onto which I deem it advisable to cast a cold eye. The increasing number of go-go operations has led to rapidly escalating entries under this heading. Joshua Watson, according to its latest pro forma balance sheet, currently leads the field in having the most adverse relationship between goodwill and tangible net equity assets, and when it publishes a balance sheet (it has already deferred its year end by three months), it will be interesting to see how it deals with this item. In the meantime, however, it will have the example of Braids to follow, who in its balance sheet has set the worst possible precedent. And this is especially surprising as the Dunkeld trio are all accountants.

Intangible items are the worst possible kinds of entries to have in any balance sheet and should, at the earliest opportunity, be eliminated. There was some pressure in the States by the S.E.C. to force the conglomerates to a stricter treatment of goodwill by writing it off against any share premium that arose by issuing shares for the relevant takeover. None of the Irish Shell operators have adopted this practice but Braids really take the biscuit for, not only have they included the maximum possible goodwill entry with a corresponding share premium reserve, but have actually added on to its reserves the revaluation surplus arising from the very assets it had taken over.

Concrete Products of Ireland show how it should be done in using its recent £¼ million revaluation surplus firstly to write off the goodwill item of £¼ million which it was carrying in its accounts and only then crediting the balance to reserves. Let us hope that this rather than Braids treatment will be the example followed.

The Industrial Credit Company, Limited

EXTRACTS FROM THE STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN, MR. D HERLIHY, ON THE REPORT AND ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st OCTOBER, 1972.

The Minister for Finance honoured me by appointing me to succeed Dr. J. P. Beddy when the Minister acceded to his request to retire from the Chairmanship in May, 1972.

Dr. Beddy's name was so closely associated with the growth and development of the Industrial Credit Company over such a long period that inevitably his retirement must mark the end of an epoch in the company's no mean history of achievement.

When at the very beginning of the country's industrial take-off the Industrial Credit Company was established by the Oireachtas in 1933, after previous essays by Government in providing credit for industry had foundered, the prevailing mood was one of scepticism as to its chances of survival.

Undaunted by the challenge Dr. Beddy applied himself with vigour and dedication to the work of the company in facilitating the creation and development of an industrial capital market and the establishment and progress of new industries – contending not only with a lack of industrial tradition and skills but, of much more significance, the absence of entrepreneurial confidence happily so much in evidence these days.

The Minister for Finance appointed Dr. Beddy a director of the company in 1949. He was Chairman and Managing Director from 1952 to 1969 when he retired from the post of Managing Director.

I welcome Mr. W. O'Brien of Wm. O'Brien (Plant Hire) Ltd., on his co-option to the Board and I am sure that he will make a valuable contribution to our work.

The late Mr. G. P. Jackson was one of the group of prominent Irish businessmen who lost their lives in the Trident crash on their way to promote Irish trade and commerce with the EEC in Brussels and we are one of the enterprises which suffered a grevious loss through that tragedy. Mr. Jackson was a leading figure in Irish industry and commerce and we count ourselves fortunate to have had the benefit of his experience as a director of our subsidiary, Mergers Limited, since its incorporation in 1969.

We were very pleased when Dr. A. H. Hughes, Managing Director, Arthur Guinness Son & Company (Dublin) Limited accepted an invitation to fill the vacancy.

TRADING RESULTS

Gross group income at £2,485,002 showed a 21% increase over last year. Administrative expenses rose by 17% mainly due to the cost of extra staff and the implementation of national pay awards. The group's net profit before tax was £782,313 representing an increase of 13%. Taxation at £259,225 is proportionately higher than last year primarily because of the provision required for Shipping Finance Corporation Limited. The net profit after taxation at £523,088 shows an increase of 6%.

Adding the balance brought forward the amount available for appropriation is £561,469. It is proposed to allocate £310,000 to group revenue reserves and to repeat the modest dividend of 2½% which net of tax costs £143,487 leaving £107,982 balance to be carried forward.

NEW FACILITIES

As a result of arrangements which we have made with the British Export Credits Guarantee Department and the Export-Import Bank of the United States of America we are now offering hire-purchase and leasing facilities at preferential rates in respect of items of equipment purchased from Britain or the United States of America. This facility has just been introduced and it is already proving attractive. In accordance with our policy of supporting Irish enterprise we have arranged to extend these preferential terms to purchases of capital goods of Irish manufacture.

We have engaged in the provision of sale and leaseback facilities for factory buildings and more recently we have assisted customers who satisfy us that the development of their property will strengthen their business. We welcome enquiries from manufacturers and distributors who are interested in facilities of this kind.

We are associated with an increasing number of large projects but we have always felt a particular responsibility towards the smaller industrialist and the businessman whose long-term capital requirements cannot readily be obtained from other sources. He may need finance for a special purpose and we are flexible in taking account of his personal circumstances. In suitable cases we are prepared to purchase a share of the equity without wishing in any way to interfere with the control or management of the business. We are geared to provide a complete package of facilities for any industrial or commercial project.

Moneybags Contd

Guinness Redundancies

JUST WHEN it looked like Guinness was recovering from one major problem, it discovered another equally serious one. The logic of a brewery going into basic pharmaceutical research was never very clear and gave rise to increasing doubts about the whole way the group was run. However, there was at least one good thing about the massive losses made by the company in pharmaceuticals. This was the fact that they were disclosed and plainly visible for all to see. It was thus easy for even the most basic commentator to raise a question mark about this particular activity and something that the ordinary shareholder could grasp. This put considerable pressure on the company to extricate itself from this commitment and in all probability rapidly speeded up the decision to close down its research laboratory.

But having got out of its pharmaceutical debacle, the company must have decided to take a closer look at its various other activities. With an increasing need to build extra brewing capacity, some work obviously went into determining the optimum plant location. This involved firstly looking at the costings in the existing Dublin and London breweries. And, would you believe it, it was discovered that unit costs in Dublin were completely out of line with output per employee being particularly bad. In fact it was found that there was 50% overmanning!

The development plan drawn up to deal with this will involve Guinness in a total commitment of as much as £20 million. As part of the plan labour force will be cut by 1,400. It is estimated that this reduction will cost the group £7m. alone in redundancy pay, early pensions, etc. These latter costs have already made a significant impact on the group's financial position. Last year Guinness recorded the worst performance of the F.T. brewery section with a growth in earnings per share of only 10% against a sector average of over 25%. But even this 10% figure does not include the cost of laying off staff in Dublin. This last year alone totalled £1¼ million but was not included in the company's earnings calculations. If the net cost of these are deducted, it works out that Guinness actual earnings per share dropped by 2%.

...and Shares

Lord Iveagh has 6.8 million shares. Lord Moyne has 4.1 million; Viscountess Boyd has 3.7 million while her husband has a mere 294,000 shares. Maureen, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava holds 4.0 million and Lady Honor Svejdar 1.2 million. They are all directors and shareholders in Arthur Guinness Son and Co. Ltd.

But how about the group's deputy managing director, and managing director of the Dublin plant, whose salary is listed as £17,000 plus pension contribution? The good Dr. Hughes holds not a single share in Arthur Guinness. I wonder can there be a moral in all that?

Institute Year Book

NEXT to my own private sources and contacts, I regard the Yearbook and Diary of the Institute of Public Administration, as the most fruitful depository of information in this town. The Yearbook contains 20 pages of names, addresses, telephone numbers etc. on all the financial institutions, which together with Hibernia's Who's Who in Banking adequately complements the club gossip. The sections on the Civil Service, the State-sponsored bodies, communications in Ireland, and Higher Education in Ireland are replete with useful reference to the corridors of power. I often recommend its usage here in the club, acting, as you may suppose, out of pure selfishness. If old Col. B —— took the trouble to look up his Yearbook, he might trouble me less.

Tourist Bonanza

I MUST hand it to **Dermot Ryan** — the entrepreneurial one. In a year when Irish tourism has gone on the rocks and every part of the industry is complaining and moaning, his Ryans Tourist Holdings produces a 57% pre-tax profit increase. I would like to see the final figures before passing final comment, but this much is already quite clear: When Bloody Sunday and the subsequent burning of the British embassy in Dublin, foretold a disastrous 1972 for Irish tourism, the bold Dermot didn't wait around for the catastrophe to be reflected in his company. Instead he scoured the London market for a suitable buy-in and was lucky enough to find Swans Tours Ltd. just in time to augment the extra earnings from the new London Ryan Hotel. Can any other Irish tourist-based company match his profit performance in '72?

EIGHT WEEKS from Saturday, the world's most exciting race, the Aintree Grand National, will be run. The weights, in any handicap, are the most important single factor in assessing a horse's chance. It is, therefore, an unhappy fact that eight years out of ten it is possible to eliminate the best horses because they have too much to carry, and the bad ones because they should have less.

Which comes to the same thing. Mr. Meredith, the handicapper, has had to assess 89 horses within a range of two stones, 12-0 to 10-0. It is patently not enough. 36 names have 10-1 or higher, and the other 56 are lumped together on the bottom mark.

It is quite clear that in an extended handicap, the weights could go down as law as 7-0 before a true perspective would obtain. The same day as the Aintree weights were published, Louis Magee, the Irish handicapper, brought out his weights for the Leopardstown 'Chase, to be run in a fortnight's time. Several interesting comparisons can be made.

In last year's National, General Symons dead-heated with Black Secret for third place, at a difference of 16 lb. In the extended handicap General Symons is assessed 39 lb. behind Argent. On this basis Black Secret is entitled to receive 23 lb. from Argent in the National but Mr. Meredith sets him to give 16 lb. to General Symons as he did last year, which means that he receives only eight lb. from Argent. With one sweep of his pen he has eliminated both Black Secret and General Symons from serious consideration.

Five hours after the Leopardstown 'Chase weights were set, Sea Brief won impressively at Fairyhouse and must be raised at least five lb. in future handicaps.

26 horses have ten stones something to carry and I expect the winner to come from this group. William Hill currently offers eight horses at 25/1 and 10 at 33/1. Corals quote 27 horses at much the same prices. Outstandingly, the National is a race for nine-year-old horses. Three horses of this age, from the group, appeal at this stage, all on offer at 33/1 They are **Fair Nicola**, **Prairie Dog** and **Macroney**. To those who fancy ante-post betting, a straight bet on each is recommended, and I have a tip for **Do Justice**, a 25/1 shot for the Sweeps Lincoln, with whom they could be coupled in doubles.

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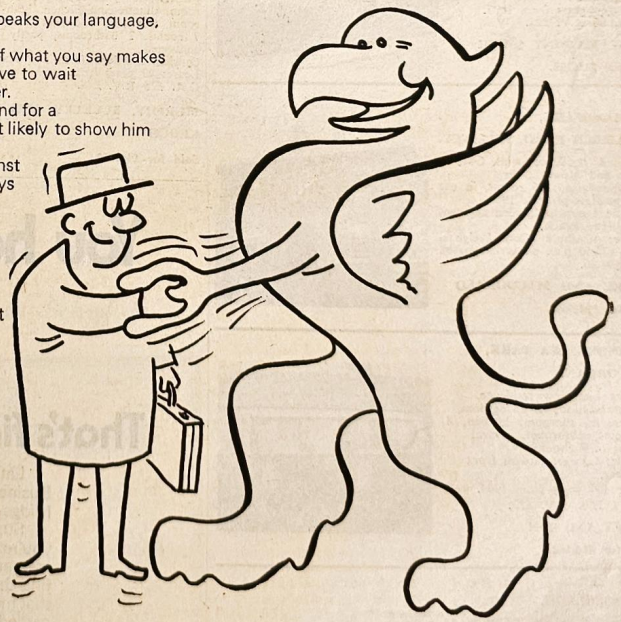

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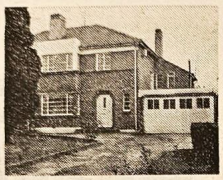
LOUGHREA, CO. GALWAY.

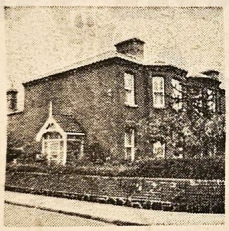
Late Georgian country house and estate of 87 acres belonging to Mr. John Huston, the film director.
House: Ground floor—Entrance hall, diningroom, drawingroom, library, kitchen, pantry. First floor—4 bedrooms (3 with adjoining bathrooms), sittingroom, dressingroom, separate bathroom, 4 w.c.s. Basement—Art Gallery, sittingroom, study, staff bedroom with bathroom and w.c., central heating throughout
Outside: Stewart's House; Groom's House; Stable with 2 studios above; 87 acres gardens, pastures, woodlands, hard tennis court; trout stream, 2 waterfalls; 200 yard drive to large front and rear parking areas.
Tenure: Freehold.
R.V. Lands £62.60; Buildings £250.
JACKSON-STOPS AND McCABE
Sold for about £120,000.

"HILLCREST",
12 RATHFARNHAM PARK,
DUBLIN 14.



Semi-detached family residence.
Accommodation: Enclosed porched entrance, cloakroom, reception hall, drawingroom, diningroom, breakfastroom with airing cupboard off, fitted kitchen, four bedrooms, bathroom with shower, separate toilet, walk-in hot press, central heating throughout.
Outside: Double garage, toilet, garden shed, gardens front and rear.
Tenure: Long Lease.
G.R. £11. R.V. £28.
LISNEY AND SON
Sold for £14,300.

12 GILFORD ROAD,
SANDYMOUNT, DUBLIN 4.



Two-storey red-brick family residence.
Accommodation: Porch, hallway, large lounge, recess off diningroom, fitted kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c., hot press, oil fired heating throughout.
Outside: Large garage, front and rear gardens.
Lease: 140 years from 1903.
G.R. £4.90 R.V. £25.
KEANE MAHONY SMITH
Sold for £11,750.

WILLIAMSPARK,
SEAFIELD ROAD, KILLINEY.

Detached residence with Gate Lodge and Mews.
Accommodation: 15 rooms, in use as large flats prior to 1963.
Outside: 1 acre of garden adjacent to Killiney Beach.
Tenure: Freehold (Gate Lodge let at £32.50 p.m. on verbal lease).
R.V. £94.60.
HOOKE AND MACDONALD
Sold for £28,500.

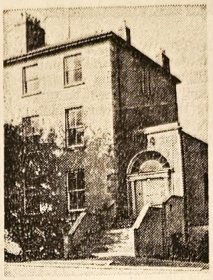
28 LINDEN LEA PARK,
STILLORGAN.

Modern bungalow residence.
Accommodation: Drawingroom, diningroom, sunroom, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, central heating throughout.
Outside: Garage, gardens front and rear.
Lease: 300 years from 1949.
G.R. £12.50. R.V. £23.
LISNEY AND SON
Sold for £10,100.

INCHIGEELAGH,
FIRHOUSE ROAD, DUBLIN 14.

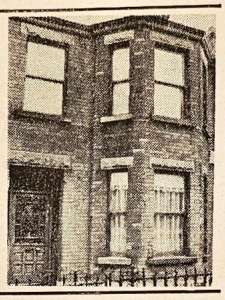
Detached modern dormer bungalow.
Accommodation: 3/4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms etc. Centrally heated throughout.
Outside: Secluded patio and gardens front and rear.
Tenure: Freehold.
MURPHY, BUCKLEY AND KEOGH
Sold for £26,000.

29 ALMA ROAD,
MONKSTOWN.



Four-storey house let in flats.
Accommodation: Four large self-contained furnished flats producing £2,100 p.a. nett approx.
OSBORNE, KING AND MEGRAN
Sold for £19,000.

13 MOUNTSHANNON ROAD,
OFF SOUTH CIRCULAR ROAD,
KILMAINHAM.

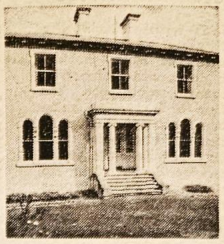


Two-storey red-brick residence suitable for conversion into flats.
Accommodation: Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom and w.c., 4 bedrooms, first-floor bathroom and w.c.
Outside: Gardens front and rear.
Lease: 790 years from 1911.
G.R. £5.25. R.V. £21.
MURPHY, BUCKLEY AND KEOGH
Sold for £8,800.

THE CHESTNUTS,
9 CLARINDA PARK EAST,
DUN LAOGHAIRE.

3-storey residence, recently renovated, with investment potential.
Accommodation: Self-contained garden flat—2 bedrooms, 1 livingroom, dinette-cum-kitchen, bathroom, w.c. Hall and first floor—7 rooms, 2 bathrooms, partly converted.
Outside: Gardens front and rear.
Lease: 99 years from 1957.
G.R. £25 R.V. £48.
MURPHY, BUCKLEY AND KEOGH
Sold for £16,750.

TANREGO,
AVOCA AVENUE
BLACKROCK.



Two-storey period residence.
Accommodation: Large drawingroom, diningroom, and sittingroom; 5 main bedrooms, master bedroom with bathroom en suite, 2 additional bathrooms; large fitted kitchen with scullery, playroom, laundryroom, 3 cellars.
Outside: Walled courtyard, 2 coach houses renovated to provide 2 garages and first floor staff apartments comprising 2 bedrooms, livingroom, kitchen and bathroom. Extensive kitchen garden and orchard with green houses; 2¼ acres of timbered grounds, lawns and hardcourt.
R.V. £77.50.
KEANE MAHONY SMITH
Sold for £45,000.

LUSS,
NASHVILLE ROAD, HOWTH.

Large two-storey residence, in need of modernisation and redecoration.
Accommodation: Hall, cloakroom with w.c., drawingroom with French window to garden, diningroom, study, kitchen with scullery, utility room, larder, four bedrooms, bathroom.
Outside: Enclosed yard with fuel store and tool shed, garage; ½ acre of garden, protected by mature trees.
Lease: 900 years from 1922.
G.R. £10. R.V. £36.
LISNEY AND SON
Sold for £12,750.

71 RAMLEH PARK,
MILLTOWN, DUBLIN 6.

Two-storey semi-detached residence.
Accommodation: Drawingroom, diningroom, kitchen with fitted presses, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c.
Outside: Garage, fuel store, tool shed, gardens front and rear.
Lease: 143 years from 1937.
G.R. £8.40. R.V. £20.
LISNEY AND SON
Sold for £7,800.

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E.E.C. Appointments Etc.

Dr. Hillery's Cabinet

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

Member of the Commission in charge: Dr. Patrick Hillery.

Address: Rue de la Loi 200, 1040 Brussels.

Tel.: 35-40 35-80-40.

Members of Dr. Hillery's personal cabinet.

Chef de Cabinet: Mr. Robin Fogarty (Foreign Affairs).

Deputy Head of Cabinet: Mr. Edwin Fitzgibbon (Foreign Affairs).

Members: Mr. John Feeney (R.T.E.); Mr. Jean *Claude Eeckhout (formerly* a member of the Social Ministry).

HILLERY, Dr. Patrick John, B.Sc., M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., D.P.H., LL.D. (Hon. Causa). Born 2/5/'23. **Educ.:** Miltown - Malbay National School, Rockwell College, Cashel, University College, Dublin. **Career:** Elected T.D. Clare 1951. Member of Health Council 1955 - 1957. Medical Officer, Miltown - Malbay Dispensary District 1957-1959. Coroner for West Clare 1958 to 1959. Minister for Education 1959 to 1965. Minister for Industry and Commerce, April, 1965 to July, 1966. Minister for Labour, July, 1966 to July, 1969. Minister for Foreign Affairs 1969. Appointed to the Commission of European Communities and elected Vice President January 1973. Member of Commission in charge of Social Affairs for the European Communities. **Address** Rue da la Loi 200, 1040 Brussels. **Tel.:** 35-00-40 (Brussels). Spanish Point, Co. Clare.

FOGARTY, Christopher P. Chef de Cabinet to Dr. Hillery, vice-president of European Commission. **Born:** July 3rd, 1928. **Educ.:** O'Connell's School and Trinity College, Dublin. **Career:** Entered Civil Service as Executive Officer in the Department of Social Welfare 1947. Administrative Officer, Department of Finance 1953, 3rd Sec. Department of Foreign Affairs 1956, 1st Sec. Lagos 1963, 1st Sec. Headquarters 1964, 1st Sec. Copenhagen 1967. Counsellor—Headquarters—E.E.C. Division 1970. **Married:** Two children.

FITZGIBBON, Edwin, Deputy Chef de Cabinet in the Office of Dr. P. J. Hillery, vice president at Commission. **Born:** 1930. **Career:** Joined Department of Industry and Commerce 1949. Then transferred to I.D.A. Appointed first secretary in Department of External Affairs in 1965. Served in Foreign Affairs until 1967 when he was posted to the Mission of Ireland to the European Communities. Appointed first secrtary of the Mission in 1970 and acted as Press attaché. Appointed counsellor and deputy of Dr. Hillery's Cabinet 1973.

FEENEY, John. Member of Dr. Hillery's Cabinet. **Born:** 1940. Ed. T.C.D. **Career:** Lecturer in Economics at T.C.D. was for 4 years economics correspondent for R.T.E.

EECKHOUT — Jean Claude. Born: Feb. 10th, 1937. **Career:** Doctor of Law (1960). With the European communities since 1964 where he has been successively, official of the divisions of contracts and transactions (1964-7). Assistant to Director General for research and training (1967 - 68). Assistant to Professor Albert Coppé who was a member of the Commission (1968-72). Formerly with Esso Belgium and with the Banking Federation of the E.E.C. Deputy member of Belgium's Consultative Council for Trade.

European Commission

THE COMMISSION

Secretariat:

Address: 1040 Brussels, 200 Rue de la Loi.

Telephone: 010.32.2.35. 00.40.35.80.40.

Telex: MARCOM BRUX 218.77.

Secretary General: Emile Noel.

The Commission consists of 13 members—two each from Germany, France, Italy and the U.K., one each from Belgium, Ireland, Netherlands, Denmark and Luxembourg. The commission initiates policy and drafts the detailed measures needed for its implementation by Council. When preparing its policy proposals, the Commission consults experts from the national administrations as well as all interested groups concerned with the matter at issue. The Commission is represented when the Council discusses its proposals.

Ireland's representative on the Commission is **Dr. Patrick Hillery** who has the portfolio for social affairs.

Useful Addresses: Dublin and Brussels

IRISH MISSION

Le Building Galilee, Avenue Galilee No. 5 Brussels 1030

Tel.: 180606.

Telex: 12026 — 23704, 12026—25241.

Head of Mission: Mr. Sean Kennan.

Deputy Head of Mission: Dr. E. J. Brennan (Foreign Affairs).

Councillors:

Mr. Kester Heaslip (Foreign Affairs).

Mr. Paddy Carty (Dept. of Finance).

Mr. M. Mullins (Revenue Commissioners).

Mr. Denis Holmes (Dept. of Foreign Affairs).

Mr. Sean O'Shea (Dept. of Agriculture).

Mr. John O'Keeffe (Industry & Commerce).

Irish Missions First Secretaries:

Mr. David Nelligan (Dept. of Foreign Affairs).

Mr. Paddy Walshe (Dept. of Foreign Affairs).

Mr. Hugh Swift (Dept. of Foreign Affairs).

Mr. Kevin Bonner (Dept. of Labour).

Mr. Dermot O'Floinn (Dept. of Finance).

Mr. J. Horgan (Dept. of Industry & Commerce).

Mr. P. Collen (Dept. Agriculture & Fisheries).

IRISH EMBASSY IN BRUSSELS (BELGIUM)

EMBASSY OF IRELAND

55, Rue Vilpain XIIII

Ambassador: F. Coffey.

First Secretary: Conor Murphy.

Telephone: 494352.

Telex: 12026 — 23704, 12026—25241.

IRISH COUNCIL OF THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT

27 Merrion Square, Dublin 2. Tel. 63448

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Treasurer: Joseph Oshizok.

Executive Secretary: Fergus O'Hagan.

Commission of European Communities

41 Fitzwilliam Square

Tel. 66223/65068/62035

BELGIAN EMBASSY TO DUBLIN

Chancellery: 2 Shrewsbury Road, Dublin 4.

Telephones: 692082 and 691588.

Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary: His Excellency Willy Stevens.

Counsellor: Michel Dooms.

Agricultural Attaché: M. Cammaerts.

Attaché Administrative Affairs: Jean Boulvin. .....

Aer Lingus Flight Schedule

	ex Dublin	Arr. Brussels
MONDAY	15.35	17.65
TUESDAY	17.55	20.25
WEDNESDAY	12.25	14.55
THURSDAY	10.15	12.45
FRIDAY	14.00	16.30
SUNDAY	11.00	13.30
	ex Brussels	**Arr. Dublin**
MONDAY	19.05	19.35
TUESDAY	21.25	21.55
WEDNESDAY	15.55	16.25
THURSDAY	13.45	14.15
FRIDAY	17.30	18.00
SUNDAY	14.30	15.00

FLYING TIME: 1¼ HOURS.
COST: Single Fare: £26.90
Day Return: £53.75
over 6 days, less than a month £42.15

N.B. — 1 Hour time differential between Dublin & Brussels

Transport and Information

Airlines: Brussels National Airport is the only airport in the world to be linked with the town by rail giving direct access to the Central station and the Air Terminus. The trip takes 16 minutes.

Taxis: There are taxi ranks beside all stations, at important centres, near places of entertainment, main hotels, etc. Tipping is fixed at 20% the price of the trip with a minimum of 10 francs. The journey to the airport, outside the city boundary — involves payment of about 50 francs for the return trip.

Hotels: The tourist office runs a hotels and boarding-houses service at the Pavilion, where any type of accommodation may be reserved. There are about 150 hotels, offering 8,000 rooms.

By train from Brussels it takes: 20 minutes to reach Louvain; 30 minutes to be in Antwerp; 50 minutes to reach Namur; 55 minutes to reach Bruges; 60 minutes to reach Tournai; 65 minutes to be in Liege; 75 minutes to be in Ostend; 110 minutes to be in the Ardennes.

Brussels Information Centre: (a) Main Pavilion, Place de Brouckére. Tel.: 18-05-29 — 18-05-36. Open every day, including Sundays and public holidays, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. from 1 October to the end of May and 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. from 1 June to end of September.

(b) Tourist Reception Centre, Grand Place, Town Hall. Tel: 13-41-77. Open each day 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The European Parliament

THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT, European Centre, Plateau du Kirchberg, Luxembourg. P.O. Box 94.

Telephone: 477.11.

Telex: 494 Parleuro 1.

Parliament is composed of 198 delegates from the parliaments of member countries. **36** each from U.K., Germany, Italy, and France; **14** each from Belgium and the Netherlands; **10** each from Ireland and Denmark and **6** from Luxembourg. The delegates sit according to party affiliations, and not by nationality.

The Political groupings are **Christian Democrats, Socialist Group, Liberal and Affiliated Group, European Democratic Group** and **Independents.** The 10 Irish delegates (5 F.F., 3 F.G., 2 L.) sit with one or other of the above groups. **Richie Ryan, Sen. Charles McDonald** and **Sir Anthony Esmonde** (Fine Gael) sit with the Christian Democrat Group.

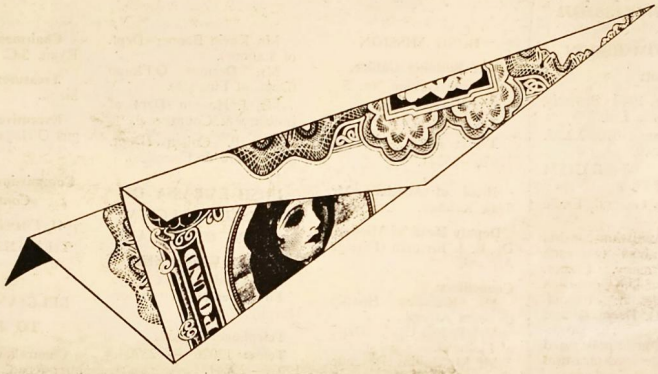
Labour deputies, **Conor Cruise O'Brien** and **Justin Keating** sit with the Social Democratic Group.

Fianna Fail delegates, Michael Herbert, Michael Hilliard, Thomas Nolan, Sen. Michael Yeats and Sen. Fergal McElgunn sit as Independents. Parliament maintains 12 standing committees which discuss the major sectors of Community policy and keep in close contact with Commission.

It has no direct veto powers over the **Council of Ministers.** Council, however, generally makes its decisions after Parliament has given its opinion.

The offices of the European Political Parties are located in the parliament buildings the address of which is listed above.

The secretaries of the parties are: **Arnaldo Ferragui** (Christian Democratic Group); **Fernand Georges** (Socialist Group); **Louis Maury** (Liberals and Affiliated Group); **Gerard Kieffer** (European Democratic Union).



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Irish Members

ESMONDE, Sir Anthony Charles, T.D. for Wexford. **Born:** 18/1/1899, England. **Educ.:** Clongowes Wood College. The Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin. **Joined** Fine Gael. **Elected:** Dail Eireann 1951 to date. **Member** Irish Delegation Council of Europe 1954/68. Vice-Chairman of Christian Democratic Group. Member Irish National Health Council. Royal Dublin Society. Kildare Street Club. **Married** 9/6/1927, 3 sons, 3 daughters. **Address:** Gorey Co. Wexford. Tel. Arklow 7182.

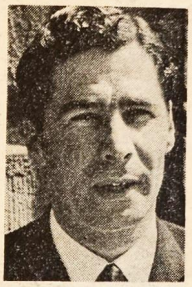
HERBERT, Michael, T.D. for Limerick East. **Career:** Elected Dail Eireann 1969. Former Chairman Limerick County Council, Limerick County Vocational Education Committee. **Address:** Sallymount, Lisnagry, Co. Limerick. Member of Fianna Fail.

HILLIARD, Michael, T.D. for Meath. **Career:** Elected Dail Eireann 1943. Parliamentary Secretary to Minister for Industry and Commerce 1958 to 1959 Minister for Posts and Telegraphs 1959 to 1965. Minister for Defence, 1965 to 1969. Member Military Service Registration Board. **Address:** 11 St. Enda's Villas, Navan, Co. Meath.

KEATING, Justin, M.A., B.Sc., M.U.B., M.R.C.V.S., T.D. for Dublin North County. **Career:** *Qualified,* Veterinary Surgeon, Dublin 1951, Animal Health Trust University College, London, Lecturer T.C.D. Joined Labour Party 1946, resigned 1948. Appointed editor of Agricultural Programmes, R.T.E. 1965. Winner Jacobs Award for "Telefis Feirme, Presenter of "On the Land". Resigned from R.T.E. 1967, rejoined Labour Party. Elected Dail Eireann 1969, resigned from Dail Committee Public Accounts, July, 1971. **Address:** Bolbrook, Tallaght, Co. Dublin.

Justin Keating

McDONALD, Charles B., Dip. Rural Sc., Senator. **Born:** Ballyroan, Leix, 11/6/1935. **Educ.:** Brigidine National School, Boys National School, Ballyroan, Vocational School Portlaoise. Joined Fine Gael, 1950. Member, Leix Co. Council, Leix Co. Committee of Agriculture, 1957 to date. Elected National Council, Fine Gael, 1958. Member, Seanad (Agricultural Panel) 1961 to date; App. Fine Gael Whip, 1965. App. Front Bench, 1970 (Spokesman on Agriculture and Lands). Member, Asst. Hon. Sec. and Vice-Chairman, Abbeyleix, Macra na Feirme, 1949. Member, N.F.A., 1956. Director, "Lake Land", M.R.T.O., '68. Council Member, Regional Technical College, Carlow, 1970. Member General Council of Cttes. of Agriculture, General Council of Co. Councils, 1958 to date. Chairman, Leix Co. Council, 1970. Chairman, Leix Co. Ctte. of Agriculture, 1971. Member Leix Vocational Ctte. **Married:** 12 / 9 / 1962, Lily McWey, 2 sons, 1 daughter. **Address:** Larchfield House, Ballyroan, Leix. **Tel.:** 0502-31245.



Sen. Charles McDonald

McELGUNN, Farrell P.C., B.A., H.Dip., Senator **Born:** Co. Cavan, 5th January, 1932. **Educ.** Convent of Mercy N.S. Belturbet N.S. St. Anthony's College, Clara. U.C.G. Joined Fianna Fail, 1953. Co-opted, Leitrim Co. Council, 1966. Elected, 1967. Member, Seanad Eireann (Taoiseach's nominee), 1968 to date. Member, Carrick-on-Shannon Chamber of Commerce, Angling and Tourist Development Association. Inland Waterways Association. Leitrim Development Association; Association of Secondary Teachers of Ireland. Comhar na Muinteoiri. Cumann Seanchais Bhreifne; Breffni Players Dramatic Society. Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Pioneer Total Abstinence Association. **Married:** 2/8/1958, Mary Duignan, 3 sons, 3 daughters. **Address.** Summerhill, Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim. **Tel.** Carrick-on-Shannon 215.

NOLAN, Thomas, T.D. for Carlow/Kilkenny. **Born:** 27th July, 1921, Myshall, Co. Carlow. **Educ.:** Myshall National School, De La Salle College. **Career:** Appointed Town Commission Muine Bheag 1955, Chairman since 1960. Elected Carlow County Council 1960. Senate 1961. Dail Eireann 1965. Member Vocational Education Committee, Agricultural Committee, South Eastern Health Board. Member of Fianna Fail. **Married:** 23rd February, 1949. 6 sons, 4 daughters. **Address:** Muine Bheag, Co. Carlow. Phone 050 32169.

CRUISE O'BRIEN, Conor, Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities, New York University, since 1969 T.D. for Dublin North East. **Born:** November 3rd, 1917. **Educ.:** Sandyford Park School, Trinity College Dublin (B.A., Ph.D.). **Career:** Entered Department of External Affairs 1944. Counsellor to Paris, 1955/56. Head of United Nations Section and Member of Irish Delegation to United Nations, 1956/60. Appointed Assistant Secretary Department of External Affairs 1961. Representative of Secretary General United Nations in Katanga May to December 1961. Resigned from United Nations and Irish Service December 1961. Appointed Vice-Chancellor University of Ghana 1962 to 1965. **Publications:** Maria Cross (under Pseud. Donat O'Donnell). Parnell and his Party 1957 (Ed.). The Shaping of Modern Ireland 1959. To Katanga and Back 1962. Writers and Politics 1965. Concise History of Ireland (1971). States of Ireland (1972). Elected Dail Eireann 1969, as Labour Party Deputy. **Married:** 1936, Christine Foster (marriage dissolved 1962), 1 son, 2 daughters, married 1962 Marie MacEntee. **Address:** Howth Summit, Dublin. Phone 322474.

RYAN, Richie, B.A., Solicitor, Law Society Medal. T.D. for Dublin S. Central. **Born:** Dublin, 27th November, 1929. **Educ.:** Synge St. C.B.S., U.C.D., Joined Fine Gael 1947. Member, National Council Standing Committee, 1951-54, 1958-70. Dail Deputy for Dublin S. Central, 1959 to date. Member, Dublin Co. Council, 1960 to date. Dublin Health Authority 1967-71. Chairman 1967-68. Member, Eastern Health Board. Delegate, Consultative Assembly by Council of Europe, 1968. Fine Gael Shadow Minister for Foreign Affairs. Board Member, Commissioners of Irish Lights. Partner, Ryan, Wallace and Crivon, Solicitors. Member, Amnesty International. R.D.S. Dublin Grand Operatic Society. An Taisce, Old Dublin Society. Royal Zoological Society. **Married:** August 1956, Mairead King, 3 sons, 1 daughter. **Address:** St. Mary's, 127 Templeogue Road, Terenure, Dublin 6.

Richie Ryan, T.D.

YEATS, Michael Butler, B.A., Senator. **Born:** Oxfordshire, 22nd August, 1921. **Educ.:** Baymount School, Dollymount, St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, T.C.D. Joined Fianna Fail 1943. **Member** Seanad Eireann 1951-1954, 1961 to date, Cathaoirleach 1969 to date, Director and Secretary Cuala Press Ltd. **Member** European Movement, An Taisce, Irish Association of Civil Liberty, National Library Association. An Chomhcaidreamh, International Folk Music Council. Irish Folk Music Society. **Married:** 14/5/1949 Grainne Ni Eigeartaigh, 1 son, 3 daughters. **Address:** Cliff House, 101 Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. **Tel.** 807627.

The Council of Ministers

THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS

Address of General Secretariat: Brussels, 2, Rue Ravenstein.

Telephone: 010.32.2.13.40.20.

Telex: CONSILIUM BRUX 217-11.

Secretary General: Christian Kalmes.

The Council of Ministers is the decision making body for practically all major matters covered by the Treaties. The Council is composed of Ministers from member countries; depending on the subject under discussion member governments normally send one minister, but sometimes two, to take part in a council session. For major decisions of overall policy foreign ministers usually meet; on other occasions it is the minister of transport who represents his country's views, at a transport session and so on. Majority voting is the rule for decisions in the Council — with exceptions, defined in the Treaty, when unanimity is required. Votes are weighted giving the U.K., Italy, Germany and France 10 votes each, Belgium and Holland 5 votes each, Ireland, Denmark 3 votes each and Luxembourg 2 votes.

All decisions are based on proposals from the Commission. Should the council wish to make an amendment which the commission refuses, it must vote unanimously. Since the council meets only at intervals it entrusts the preparation and co-ordination of its work to a Committee of permanent representatives in Brussels of the six member states. The Commission is represented in this preparatory work at all levels.

Brussels

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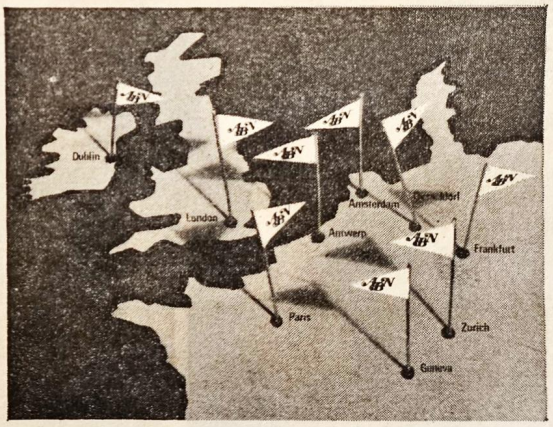

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Where To Stay And Eat In Brussels

THERE IS no shortage of good restaurants in Brussels; they serve large helpings, rich sauces, and chips (frites) with virtually everything. If you get away with spending less than 300 belgian francs (102 Bf = one floating pound) you are lucky; 500 Bf is more likely; 700 Bf and upwards means a gastronomic menu (lobster, mainly from Norway, is popular). Brussels is known for its mussels, its meat (though steaks are cut very differently from the Irish way, frequently against the grain of the meat), and seafood.

Chez Leon, in the midst of the attractive, traffic-free, restaurant area near the city's famous Grand Place, is warm, friendly, though such is the turnover, you will never have to wait longer than a couple of minutes for a table. Comprehensive menus, from Bf160-250, famous for mussels. Just round the corner, you can walk through the kitchen to the tables at **Chez Vincent,** with painted, early-century tiles on the wall, excellent range of seafood, game (in season) and pancakes. Next door, **Chez Stans** for steaks and numerous sauces, good value at around Bf100.

At the back of a typical Brussels tavern: **La Belgica,** on the place St. Josse, excellent and original menu-shellfish, game, crabs, fresh asparagus from France out of the normal season-gastronomic, but friendly atmosphere. If you want to eat as many hors d'oeuvres as you can for Bf 130, try **chez Adrienne,** rue de l'Amazone, but it is advisable to book.

Several small restaurants have cropped up around the Common Market headquarters; useful prior to or following an E.E.C. meeting. They include **Bamboo Garden,** rue Franklin, if you feel like Chinese food. Downtown, along the Quai anx Briques, a number of restaurants specialising in oysters and lobsters; cheapest is **Le Quai** but the lobsters are served cold only, **Le Rugbyman** offers greater variety, **Chez Francois** larger lobsters at higher prices.

La Villa Lorraine is acknowledged to be the best, and one of the most expensive restaurants in town (between Bf 700 and 1,000 a head for exquisite French food). **Comme Chez Soi,** almost in the same class, is slightly less expensive.

Gastronomic menus at **Romeyer,** up to about Bf 1,200, are recommended for those who want a long lunch, or dinner, by the side of the forêt de Soignes, south-west of the city. In summer, a minute's ride on a ferry, takes you to **Chalet Robinson,** on a small island at the city-side of the forêt.

HOTELS:

Brussels has its **Hilton,** of course, and **Westbury,** and **Palace, Plaza,** and **Atlanta** downtown, where you can spend between Bf 800 and 1,600 a night, for reasonable comfort, efficiency and so on. But the **Amigo,** close by the Grand Place, slightly more expensive, is more comfortable, quieter, altogether cosier, with more personal service.

Just across the road from the Hilton, the **Albergo** (between Bf 300 and 700 a night) is a bit tatty, but comfortable. It is run by Italians and has the advantage of a good Italian restaurant where even Brussels - based Italians come to eat. **The Marie-José** is a comfortable, small, pension-type hotel, with a good restaurant but in an office area which is quite deserted in the evening.

Britain's Grand Metropolitan Group recently built the towering **Europa Hotel** near the E.E.C. headquarters; a smaller, again more personable, hotel, close by is the **Charlemagne.**

No list of hotels in Brussels could avoid mentioning **The Métropole,** that heritage to turn of the century baroque, with pillars and high ceilings, and hardly warm, welcoming, or comfortable.

Richard Norton-Taylor

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Economic and Social Committee

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COMMITTEE, 2 Rue Ravenstein, 1000 Brussels. Tel.: 12.39.20.

This Committee considers all matters of major importance and its members are drawn from various interests in the Community, such as **employers' organisations, trade unions** and **other economic groups.** While it can exercise considerable influence on the decisions of the Council and the Commission, it has itself no power of decision. But it must be consulted on many important matters. There are 144 members whose appointments are for 4 years and are renewable.

Ireland's nine members on the committee are:

Employers: Mr. P. J. Loughrey, former Managing/Director of Bachelor Foods; **Mr. N. J. Ebril,** Chief general manager Allied Irish Banks, and **Mr. P. G. Byrne,** director of development, C.I.E.

Workers: Mr. J. F. Carroll, vice-president of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union; **Mr. Brendan Harkin,** of the Northern Ireland Committee of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions; **Mr. Patrick Murphy,** president of the Federation of Rural Workers.

Other Interests: Mr. T. J. Maher, president of the Irish Farmers' Association; **Mr. James O'Keefe,** president of the Irish Creamery Milk Suppliers' Association; **Mr. Thomas Roseingrave,** national director of the Muintir na Tire.

The Court of Justice

COURT OF JUSTICE

Address: 12 Rue de la Cote-d'eiche, Luxembourg.

Telephone: 010-352.21, 521.

Telegrams: Curia, Luxembourg.

Clerk of the Court: Albert van Houtte (Belgium).

Legal control over the acts of the community and its institutions is by the Court of Justice. This court ensures the observance of law and justice. It's rulings are binding and the court is supreme in all legal matters arising out of the Treaties. Cases are decided by majority vote and any opinions dissenting from the majority are not published. The number of judges is 10 with 3 advocate-generals, whose function it is to assist the court in ensuring the observance of the law in the interpretation and application of the Treaties.

Irish Representative: **Cearbhall O Dalaigh.**

O'DALAIGH. Cearbhall. Born: 1911. **Ed.:** Synge Street C.B.S. U.C.D. **Titles:** Barrister - at - Law. **Career:** Irish Editor of the Irish Press 1930's. Called to the Bar 1942. Called to the Inner Bar 1945. Appointed Attorney General 1946. Appointed Supreme Court Judge—1961. Appointed to the European Court of Justice 1972.

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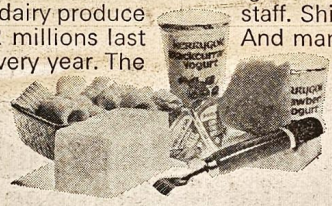

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Irish representative — George Colley, T.D.

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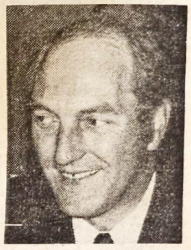
COLLEY, George, Minister for Finance and the Gaeltacht, T.D. for Dublin North Central. **Born:** October 1925. **Educ.:** Scoil Mhuire, Marino, St. Joseph's C.B.S., University College Dublin, Qualified as Solicitor in 1948. **Career:** Chairman of a number of Joint Labour Committees under the Labour Court; Elected to Dail Eireann 1961; Leader of the Irish Parliamentary delegation to Council of Europe, 1970. Appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Lands in October 1964. Minister for Education April 1965; Chairman of All-Party Committee in Dail Eireann in Companies Bill 1963. Minister for Industry and Commerce in July 1966 and, in addition, Minister for the Gaeltacht in July 1969; Minister for Finance 1970 and continues to hold the Gaeltacht portfolio. Chairman of All-Party Committee on the Constitution (1967); Vice-President of the Irish Council of the European Movement. Governor for Ireland of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (World Bank). **Married:** 1950, 3 sons, 4 daughters. **Address:** 10 Palmerston Gardens, Rathmines, Dublin 6.



George Colley

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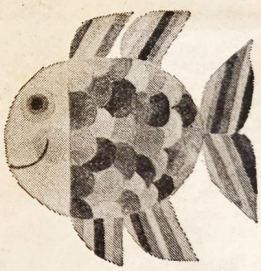

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Representative: Mr. Liam Doyle.

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Tel.: 19-10-14

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66 Boulevard de h'Intratrice,
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Irish Businesses in Brussels

AER LINGUS,
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Tel.: 38.22.72.
Representative: Mr. Brendan Bartley.

CORAS TRACHTALA,
Rue Joseph II, 77,
1040 Brussels.
Tel.: 13-19-40
Representative: Mr. Paul Sheridan.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AUTHORITY,
Rue Joseph II, 77,
1040 Brussels.
Tel.: 13.19.40.
Representative: Mr. Connolly Cole.

CONFEDERATION OF IRISH INDUSTRY,
Rue Joseph II, 77,
1040 Brussels.
Tel.: 13.19.40.
Representative: Mr. Patrick Jordan.

FEDERATED UNION OF EMPLOYERS,
Rue Joseph II, 77,
1040 Brussels.
Tel.: 13-19-40
Representative: Mr. Patrick Jordan.

ASSOCIATIONS OF CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE,
Rue Joseph II, 77,
1040 Brussels.
Tel.: 13-19-40
Representative: Mr. Patrick Jordan.

BORD BAINNE,
Apt. 10, Brussels Hotel Residence,
Avenue Louise, 19,
1050 Brussels.
Representative: To be announced.

IRISH FARMERS ASSOCIATION,
39/41 Rue D'arlon,
1040 Brussels.
Representative: Mr. Alan Dukes.

Irish Members of E.E.C. Committees

MONETARY COMMITTEE,
200 rue de la Loi,
1040 Brussels.
Telephone:
35.00.40/35.80.40.

This Committee consists of government and central bank officials and experts provided by the Commission. It advises the Commission and Council of Ministers on all monetary problems. Irish Representatives on this committee are:

Mr. B. J. Breen
(Sec. Central Bank).

Mr. G. Reynolds
(Dept. of Finance).

Alternates:

Mr. Sean Murray
(Dept. of Finance).

Mr. D. E. Lynch
(Dept. of Finance).

MEDIUM TERM ECONOMIC COMMITTEE,
Rue de la Loi,
1040 Brussels.
Telephone:
35.00.40/35.80.40.

The membership of this committee includes national representatives and members of the commission. It forecasts the expected trend of the economy of the community over a five year period.

Those representing Ireland on this committee are:

Mr. Maurice Doyle
(Dept. of Finance).

Dr. Edward Clarke
(Dept. of Finance)
and the alternates are:
Mr. Walter Kirwan
(Dept. of Finance).
Mr. Patrick Teahon
(Dept. of Finance).

BUDGETARY POLICY COMMITTEE,
Rue de la Loi 200,
1040 Brussels.
Telephone:
35.00.40/35.80.40.

The committee examines and compares the general tendencies of the budgetary policies of the member states. The member states appoint representatives from the ministries responsible for drawing up their budgets. The commission is also represented.

The Irish representative is:

Mr. Frank O'Donoghue
(Dept. of Finance)
and the Alternates:
Mr. O'Hannrachain
(Dept. of Finance)

Mr. Michael Horgan
(Dept. of Finance).

COMMITTEE OF CENTRAL BANK GOVERNORS

The committee consists of the Governors of Central Banks of the member states or their representatives. A representative of the commission may attend meetings by invitation. **Dr. T. K. Whitaker** represents Ireland on this committee.

SHORT-TERM ECONOMIC COMMITTEE,
Rue de la Loi 200,
1040 Brussels.
Telephone:
35.00.40/35.80.40.

The committee assists in the co-ordination of short-term economic policies. The committee consists of three senior civil servants nominated by each of the member states and representatives of the commission. Ireland is represented on this committee by **Dr. Brendan Menton** (Dept. of Finance), **Mr. Cromien** (Dept. of Finance) and **Mr. Tom Hoare** (Central Bank).

AUDIT COMMITTEE:

The Committee examines the accounts of revenue and expenditure appearing in the community budget. The committee consists of one representative from each member state. **Mr. Eugene Suttle** (Comptroller and Auditor General) represents Ireland on this committee.

Ireland, according to the terms negotiated will have representation on other important committees such as **The Consultative Committee of the European Coal and Steel Committee The Administrative Commission for the Social Security of Migrant Workers, The Standing Committee on Employment, The Committee to Assist the Commission in Administering the European Social Fund.** Nominees submitted by the Government for representation on these committees must be approved by the commission. It is therefore unlikely that the names will become known until after the Commission's next meeting on February 5th.

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I APOLOGISE for my absence from the last issue of *Hibernia*. Some persons, of course, may have been *relieved*, but in any case . . . I apologise. I was sick. It was an extraordinary sickness. Every time I ate or drank anything I felt profoundly ill. I went to my darling doctor, **Jerry Slattery** from Kerry, and told him I was suffering from stress. He's a very good doctor because he's very wise; he had no remedy. Life is stressful, he said, the world is stressful. There is no cure for the human condition. "Lots of people—especially women—come to me and say: "Doctor, give me a happiness pill." People think nowadays that when they are unhappy, they should be given a drug to take the unhappiness away. They don't realise any more that being unhappy, or stressed or melancholy, **is a** *normal* part of the human cycle. It would be ridiculous to be happy all the time." This makes a lot of sense.

Journalism is a very stressful job, though. If I had my time over again, I'd do something easy-going, like being an airline pilot, where, it seems (according to the harrowing enquiry here following the Trident disaster) you can spend quite a lot of time sleeping. Oftentimes, I curse myself for not playing my cards right. Why didn't I suck up to Fianna Fail when I had the chance? Why have I always been so critical of this great and powerful mafia?

Why, if I had made up to **Brian Lenihan**, maybe he'd be giving me a job by now. That's just what I fancy. A nice cushy job as roving Ambassador to Lichtenstein. After all, the Americans appointed **Clare Boothe Luce** to Rome; I don't see why the Irish Government wouldn't hire me. As the menopause looms, the more the idea appeals to me. I wonder, however, who the right person to plamás would be. Perhaps the experts in this would advise me.

* * *

SPEAKING of Fianna Fail how, did you react to hearing them describe themselves recently in Europe as "socialists" and "left-wingers"? The eff-and-effers always see what way the wind is blowing—eventually. Sure, it's all the rage to proclaim to be some class of a "socialist" these days. Willy Brandt's recent victory in Germany gave the green light for that. The French socialists are favoured to win the March elections in France; the Italian socialist forces are winning concession after concession, from divorce law reform to keeping the lid very firmly on any neo-fascist revival. The Dutch moved left in their last election, and Ted Heath, by the way he's behaving, seems to be going to bed with John Maynard Keynes every night now. Why wouldn't F-and-F jump on the bandwagon? But it's a far cry from 1969, when they'd inspire petrification into the heart of every Reverand Mother in the land muttering words like "Cuba"; when they terrorised the whole countryside with the Red Scare. It wasn't so fashionable then. The young lions of the Party — Andrews, O'Kennedy, O'Malley, Molloy—were seen to be the antithesis of the rising generation of dissenters from orthodoxy. And now, goodness me, they have to appear in the guise of lefties for the sake of Brussels and Strasbourg? Well, boys, any time you want a quick course in "Bluff Your Way Through Socialism," your aunty Mary will be happy to oblige. As the man said, if Karl Marx were alive he'd be turning in his grave.

I HAVE SPENT the last four weeks between North-Eastern France, Italy and London. I love French provincial life, and feel more at home there than in England. I was in the Champagne country where a bottle of the best costs fifteen bob, and even the local Communist Party chief talks to you about the dialectic over a bottle of the bubbly. When I die, I want to go to Rheims.

Italy is more complicated, because I don't speak Italian and I don't know enough about the country and its recent history to savour it properly, and that is very frustrating. I was in Italy to investigate the tax system there. Can you imagine anything more maddening? Being in that cradle of sensuality to talk to the Italians about *money*. Still, it's rewarding.

I am not attracted to the Irish in Rome — apart from some dear old friends I've got there. They're frightfully holy in a sort of snobbish way. On the one hand talking about some grand cardinal they frequently have dinner with and on the other how they got a discount on the purchase of their new motor car, through influence, don't you know. I didn't meet **Fergus FitzGerald** —Garret's brother who works at the United Nation's agency FAO there; he's a big superstar with them and is said to be very nice. They all meet frequently at big religious beanos and on St. Pat's day, when they play hurling and Gaelic football against each other.

* * *

NEWS ITEM : it might please paranoid Orangemen to know that Great Britain is now a Roman Catholic country. The latest register of practising Protestants in this country, according to Church of England figures which were published this week is some 2,300,000. One Protestant Briton in a thousand now attends Church. There are **ten** million registered practising Romans. So you see, anti-birth control laws **do** make sense.

* * *

ON MY WAY through Paris recently I caught the film they are all raving about. It's called "Last Tango in Paris," it stars **Marlon Brando** and it is **filthy**. I mean it. It's supposed to be intellectual, but it's filthy. Sexual intercourse on the screen really is the end. It was beautifully made (technically speaking), very authentic, intensely well-written and the acting is superb. And it sends you out of the cinema extremely depressed. Is that all there is? What a spiritual desert. But it will have a very good effect, in the sense that it's the sort of thing which rockets people back to puritanism.

Riddle me this. Why is it that corny, obvious, sentimental, cliche-ridden, completely unbelievable movies like "Random Harvest" and "Casablanca"—films which do not bear the remotest resemblance to reality and with which no one could possibly identify—move one to buckets of tears and deep human experience? While well-made and truly authentic modern works of the screen leave one feeling — so what? It must be that the people who made those mushy old pictures of the 'forties actually believed in them themselves—and no amount of mere knowledge and insight compensates for sincerity.

* * *

I DID a TV programme here recently in which I was asked to tell a joke. I told a joke about the situation in Northern Ireland. After recording it, the producer said to me : "That's very nice indeed, but I'm not sure if we'll be able to use it. You see, the B.B.C. is very uptight about Ireland at the moment."

"But," I said, "you said that one is allowed to be as politically free as one likes . . ."

"Politics, certainly," replied he. "But not Ireland. That's different."

Significant.

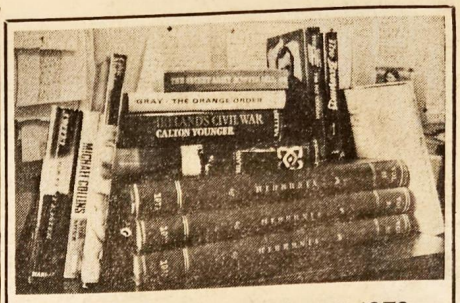
* * *

THE GREAT British industry of 1973 is to be **Princess Anne.** She's going to make a lot of money and a lot of reputation for a lot of people. Fleet Street is busying itself into the night, now, preparing colour supplements and God knows what for The Big Engagement and the even Bigger Marriage. It appears that the off-the-record go-ahead from Buckingham Palace has been given and it is almost certain that the young lady will be betrothed at Easter time.

The Palace, I am told, is pleased with her choice of young man, **Mr. Mark Phillips.** They consider that it is democratic, and so much better that he should be the son of a sausage manufacturer (his family have a large share of the Walls sausages fortune) than that he should be a belted earl. This is very clever and apt; it is how the British monarchy and ruling class have always survived—by absorbing the bourgeoisie. A title for Mr. Phillips—according to monarch-watchers—is not envisaged for some time. It looks more "democratic" not to give him one. I believe they are pleased, too, that he is not a foreigner. What with Britain's heritage losing ground so swiftly in the E.E.C. business, it wouldn't look good.

So you see, things are as they should be, and all is right with the world.

Strange Bedfellows



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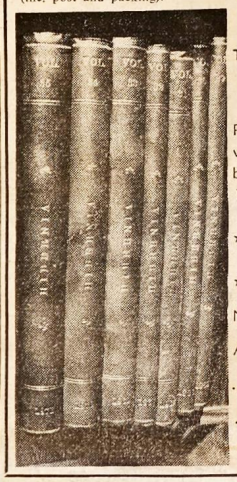

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